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The Sketch

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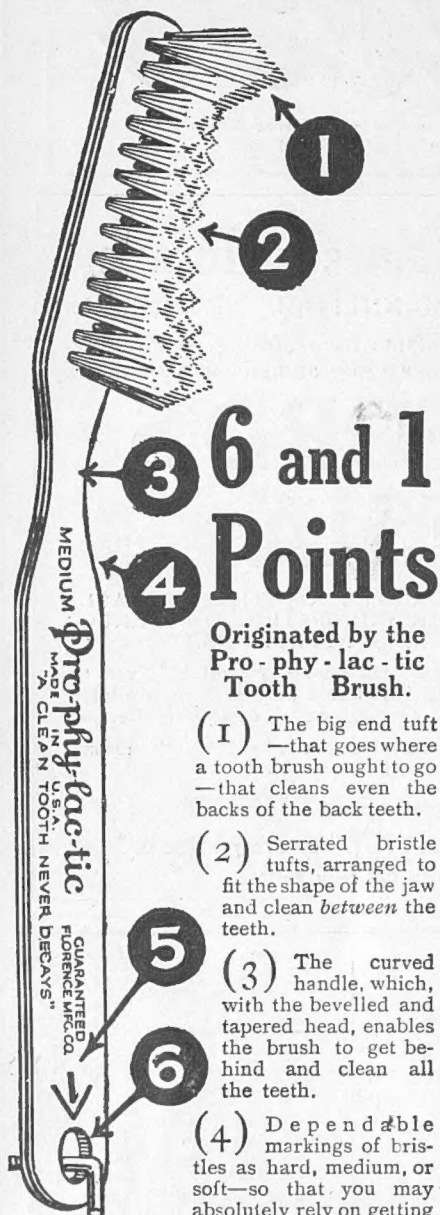
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444
TURKISH

FOR DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS.

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(3) The curved handle, which, with the bevelled and tapered head, enables the brush to get behind and clean all the teeth.

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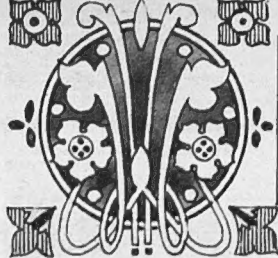
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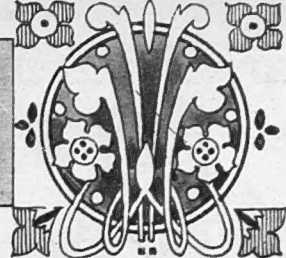
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THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1545 — Vol. CXIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



LEADING LADY IN "WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS": MISS WINNIE MELVILLE.

Miss Winnie Melville, who is now Florence in "Whirled into Happiness," at the Lyric, is not only a pretty and charming actress, but an excellent musician. Miss Melville has appeared in a number of productions, and her specialty seems to be learning a part in record time. It was only three days before the opening night of "See-Saw" that Charlot saw

her at Bognor, and invited her to play third lead, with three songs; while she had only a week's notice before understudying Miss Shirley Kellogg at the Folies-Bergère, Paris; and the same short preparation before undertaking the rôle of Zumnerud in "Cairo"; while she had less than seven days' notice before taking up her new part.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

Tick at Oxford. I return from a brief motor-ing holiday to find the world discussing the iniquities of Oxford tradesmen in giving their customers of im-mature years unlimited credit, and the iniquities of motor-coach owners in giving their drivers unlimited wheel-space.

Both these topics interest me—the first because I had to stint myself for years to pay off my own modest debts at Oxford; and the second because I was nearly squashed out of existence since last I wrote these notes by a gentleman on a country road with full discretionary powers over a somewhat un-wieldy public vehicle.

Dealing first with the Oxford matter, I don't see how you can expect tradesmen to say, "No, Sir. It is true that I have to live, and it is true that I need your money in order to pay the high rent of my shop and the high wages of my assist-ants. But I must think of your poor father! What would he say, dear gentle-man, if I sold you this blazer? He might tell you to pay the bill your-self, and then you would start out in life with the handi-cap of owing me money. Take my advice, Sir, and do without the blazer."

I don't think you can expect that. What you might expect is that the University authori-ties, who are so soli-citous for the wel-fare of their young charges that they make them attend morning chapel, make them attend morning lectures, forbid them to be out after dark with-out cap and gown, and see to it that they do not speak with any female who is not a near relative, should widen their supervisional circles so far as to include the tempting shops in the Broad and the High.

Is Oxford Changing?

But I am not at all sure that Oxford is destined to remain a seat of learning. I have had occasion to visit it once or twice this year, and it seems to me to be more and more given over to the sightseer, the tripper, and the motor-coach party. I don't see how the young gentlemen can work in such an atmosphere, any more than the birds sing on the banks of Killarney.

When you come down to breakfast to find a gentleman with a cloth cap, a fur coat, and a pair of opera-glasses peering in at your open

window, the result must surely be a slight attack of self-consciousness.

Oxford, in short, is becoming too much of a show-place. It is too beautiful for work. It always was, for that matter; but some of the others were not disturbed by the beauty. The present generation may not mind the beauty, but they cannot ignore the thousands upon thousands who come to stare at the beauty—and at them.

Secondly.

So much for modern Ox-ford. (I had meant to say something peculiarly bitter about the bells of the University Church, which boomed away in my ears all night and murdered sleep. But that subject may wait a little. I am saving up a thousand pounds to give to the gentleman

The poor man thunders and rocks and lurches over the roads at the standard rate of twenty-five miles an hour, or five miles over the speed-limit. He does not object to the small fry I have enumerated using the hedges and ditches, but they take the road at their own risk. The road belongs to the poor man, and the poor man means to enjoy it.

The Private Car.

The bugbear of the poor man in his lordly motor-coach is the owner and driver of the private car. These fellows are an unmitigated nuisance to the poor man because they will persist in using the roads. If they would take to the fields, the poor man would not so much mind; but the impudent rascals bring their cars out and actually run them on the poor man's roads!

The private car is a nuisance, more-over, to the driver of the motor-coach. The driver of the motor-coach is a nervous, sensitive creature who ought not to be bothered. Give him a clear road and twenty-five miles an hour, and he will not grumble. But life is not perfect, even for him. These pri-vate cars! You are going along quite comfortably, your near-side kissing the honeysuckle and your off-side flirting with the dog-roses. All of a sudden, round the corner comes a private car! What are you to do? Your first manly impulse, of course, is to go straight ahead and run the blighter down. But there may be trouble. Even dogs and chickens can make trouble. So you have to slow down,

pull to one side, and give the measly wretch two feet of road and two of ditch.

The passengers, naturally, are annoyed. "What's up?" they cry. "A stinkin' private car!" "Run over the blighter! Wot's 'e want on our road, anyway? W'y can't 'e stop at 'ome? Wot's 'omes for? Where did 'e get the money to buy a car? W'y can't we buy cars of our own? Shame! Run 'im down! Spoilin' all our pleasure!"

The driver of the private car, in the mean-time, is balancing himself and family between life and death. A banana-skin drops on the head of his wife, and a ripe tomato on the face of his child. "Bless the poor man!" he cries. "Who am I that I should live and take the fresh air? . . . Here comes another!"



A "BUNCH OF BEAUTIES" IN PHI-PHI'S STUDIO: "GREEK GIRLS" FROM THE NEW REVUE AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

"Phi-Phi," the new revue at the London Pavilion, is set in the days of ancient Greece, when Phidias made his wife jealous and had a studio where the loveliest girls in Athens assembled. Our photograph shows a group of these pretty girls in their Edmund Dulac dresses.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

who can invent a clock that will strike by day and not by night.)

Now for the motor-coach. The motor-coach is the poor man's car. We all know it. We know it even better than the poor man knows it. The poor man, being quit of the roads as a pedestrian, has no longer any sympathy with pedestrians. Tucked snugly into his Juggernaut, his wife on one side and his wife's sister on the other, a bottle of stout in one pocket and a packet of sandwiches in the other, he has come to regard the hedge-classes—consisting, in the main, of the village parson, the village schoolmaster, and their families—as part of the scenery. A comic part of the scenery, if you like, but all thrown in for the money.

This Summer's Weather for Lady Gisborough.

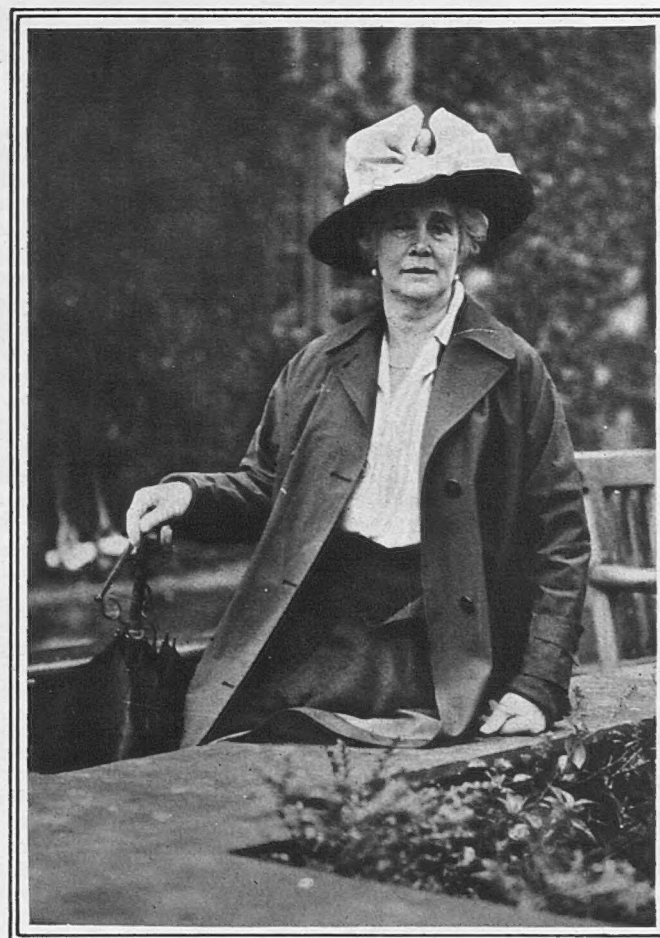


ON THE TERRACE OF GISBOROUGH HALL: THE HON. MARGARET BRUCE CHALONER, MISS DRAKE, AND MISS MATHURIN.



DAUGHTERS AND GRAND-DAUGHTER OF LADY GISBOROUGH: THE HON. URSULA, MISS DIANA, AND THE HON. ELIZABETH CHALONER.

Lady Gisborough's lawn-tennis tournament at Gisborough Hall, Yorkshire, was not favoured with very brilliant weather, as our photographs show, and a good deal of rain fell during the day. Our photographs show Lady Gisborough, who is the elder daughter of the Rev. Weston Brocklesby Davis, and her daughters and



THE WIFE OF THE FIRST BARON GISBOROUGH: LADY GISBOROUGH.

grand-daughter. Lord and Lady Gisborough have four daughters, the second of whom is the wife of Captain Herbert Ernest Pease, D.S.O.; and one grand-daughter, Miss Diana Margaret Bruce Chaloner, the only child of their elder son, who was killed in the war.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."



Lady Winifred Pennoyer.

Here in Scotland one still seems to be in the centre of the universe. Everyone who is anyone comes here sooner or later, and tells us all the news. I hear that Lady Winifred Pennoyer has just purchased Sarsden House, Oxon, from Lady.

rendering men's faces super-sensitive to air-pockets and wind and weather of the higher atmosphere. And, as though our own Futurist artists were also prophets and seers, we have Herr Reimann, a German scientist, claiming to have discovered a process by which it will be possible to change the natural colour of growing trees at will into blue, red, purple, or any of those hideous, mad shades of puce mixed with orange and magenta.

Think of it! Scotland painted puce, with red heather and blue trees in the Highland valleys, and purple ones on the hill-tops! England might be done in delicate shades of orange oaks picked out with pink elms and apricot ashes and willows; beech groves of pure vermilion interspersed with lanes of lavender-coloured larches and lemon poplars. . . . Jane is quite unnerved.

It is bad enough as it is to have to travel hundreds of miles from London to find a truly rural spot. And, even when you find it, there is always the chance of being overlooked from the clouds. Only yesterday, out on the moors, alone with the nicest young man in our party, no fewer than three aeroplanes hovered about with a hungry look in their eyes. The worst of it is you never know who they may be or how much they can see!

And, to return to the painted trees, even the trunks, when cut down, are coloured through and through! So we shall have rooms panelled in primrose oak, picked out in prune-coloured

cedar. We shall sit at tables of cardinal mahogany on chairs of mustard-yellow walnut.

Heaven only knows what we shall eat. Or perhaps by then mere eating will have grown as old-fashioned as green trees. We shall all be receiving tabloids, instead, against the pangs of hunger and the vulgar anguish of thirst. And we shall swallow little pellets of some German professor's substitute for grouse.

But Jane, praise be to God, will be dead. So will all readers of these outpourings of her soul. Some of the babies who now smear jam over *The Sketch* of the week before last—they, poor innocents, may live to treasure the memory of these jolly days of their fathers. In their piebald homes will hang pictures of you and me—snapshot photographs, perhaps, taken here in Scotland, picking at grouse with our fingers! And as they pride themselves on their superior refinement, some German professor will startle the world by his new discoveries. Only he will not be a German professor by then. He will be a free citizen of the World Republic, which, strangely enough, will be more German than all Germany. These little green isles of the West will be swept daily by the new race of crossing-sweepers descended from Axed British regimental officers who had the audacity

to think they had won the World War! They will be very jolly crossing-sweepers—philosophers mostly, with a sense of humour wholly unappreciated by the bureaucrats and red-hats who run the new World Republic. And England will be gradually cleaner, at any rate. To Germany, pre-eminent in might, she will have sacrificed goodly victims; thereafter supper in the ranks will be eaten heartily, and the Crossing-Sweepers will lay them down to sleep, each man with his arms about the streams of the river.

And Jane from heaven, and all the hosts of Jane's soldier friends, will look down and laugh and bless them—the only really happy people in all this over-civilised land.

The King and Queen.

Meanwhile, our beloved King and Queen are doing their utmost to keep up our blessed traditions. At Balmoral our Royal Family always enjoy life in the simplest possible way, their parties being made up chiefly of only very old and dear friends.

On their way to Balmoral from Moy Hall they took luncheon with Colonel and Mrs. Butter at Cluniemore House, Pitlochry, and then motored on by way of the Devil's Elbow, being accompanied to the border of Aberdeenshire by the Duke of Atholl as Lord-Lieutenant of Perthshire.

The Duke of York arrived at Balmoral by train. The Hon. Sir Derek Keppel (Master of the Household) received him at Ballater railway station, where the 1st Battalion of the



1. This is Algy and Miss Pêche Melba going prawning. and Bobbie Barnes are going prawning, too.

Angela

Eversley. This lovely place originally included about two thousand acres of park, but I believe Lady Winifred Pennoyer has only bought about 250 acres.

She is, of course, the sister of Lord Anglesey. Her first husband was the late Lord Ingestre, and she married, *en secondes nocces*, Mr. Pennoyer, a well-known and charming American, who was at one time Secretary of the American Embassy in London. Her little son, the present Lord Ingestre, is about eight years old, and will one day succeed to the Earldom of Shrewsbury. Lord Shrewsbury is, of course, the Premier Earl of England, as well as the Hereditary Great Seneschal, or Lord High Steward, of Ireland. Little Lord Ingestre is a godson of the King and Queen, and a great favourite with all who know him, as was his father before him.

From York comes the news that the Duchess of Norfolk has let Everingham to Lord and Lady Nunburnholme. A very merry young party was entertained there last week, I hear, including, besides the family, Lady Mary Fox-Strangways (Lord and Lady Ilchester's girl), Miss Elsie Mackay, the young Foresters (Lady Victoria Forester is a sister of Lady Nunburnholme), Captain Ellison, Mr. H. Abel Smith, Lord Plunket, and Mrs. Jack Barnato.

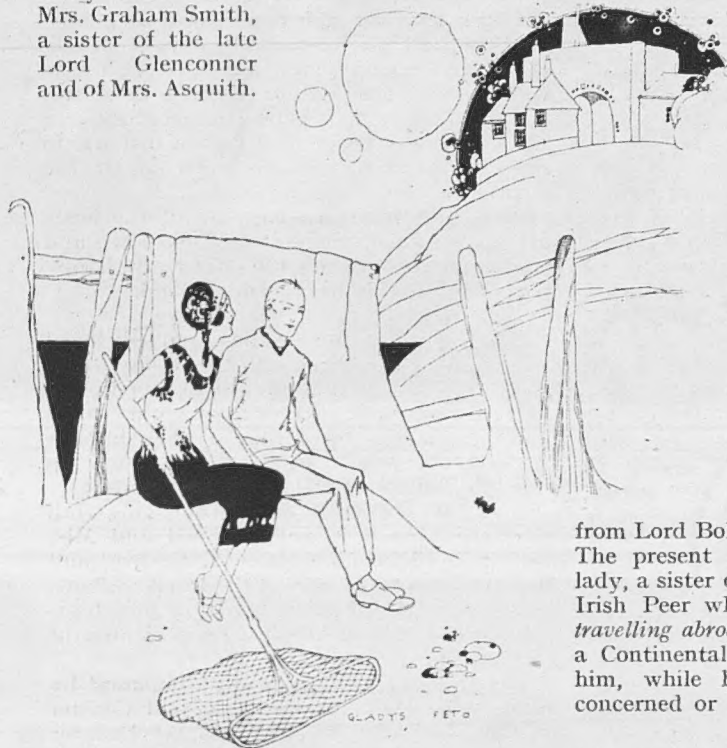
Purple Trees. Only last week I talked about old Mother Shipton and her prophecies, and now already we have the Germans flying without any more conscious effort than that of the birds. We hear of all kinds of chemical devices for



2. This is Angela and Bobbie "prawning." Angela is just explaining that Algy has never really understood her.

Highland Light Infantry formed a guard of honour, and thrilled Jane through and through with their music and their marching. The Duke of York was looking extremely well—brown and sunburnt, as every young man should be in the autumn.

Which reminds me that everyone in the Badminton country is overjoyed at the announcement that the Prince of Wales has taken Easton Grey for the coming season. It is even rumoured that his Royal Highness may act as Joint-Master of the Badminton Hunt with Lord Worcester. Easton Grey is in the very centre of the Badminton country, easily accessible to several other good packs. It belongs to Colonel Graham Wilder, but has lately been let to Mrs. Graham Smith, a sister of the late Lord Glenconner and of Mrs. Asquith.



3. This is Pêche and Algy prawning. Algy is just telling Pêche how sad it is to be always misunderstood and neglected by one's wife.

Lady Patricia Herbert's Coming-Out.

All the young people are very excited about the coming-out ball Lady Pembroke is to give on Oct. 28 for her only daughter, Lady Patricia Herbert. There will be a big house-party at Wilton House, Salisbury, for it, and the ball will doubtless take place in the famous Double Cube, which, to my mind, is one of the most beautiful rooms in England. The Prince of Wales is going to honour Lord and Lady Pembroke with his presence.

I hear that the Pembrokes have sold their Belgrave Square House, where the King and Queen dined with them last April. Their two sons are still at Eton, and, much as we all worship boys, alas! they are an expensive indulgence these days—boys destined for the Life Guards, with polo ponies growing yearly more expensive, and Army allowances monthly less and less. A daughter is a much cheaper amusement—especially an attractive daughter whose only danger is of being married just as she is becoming most indispensable at home. That is the sadness of having children. They only really belong to you while they are babies. And even then their nurses assume a proprietary right. Perhaps Jane's rôle of maiden aunt is best, after all. Aunts have all the fun of children with none of the worry. Aunts are always happy holiday creatures who have not heard about that bad school report. Or, if they have heard, they are much more interested in the last mischievous escapade or plans for future adventures.

But it makes even a youngish maiden aunt feel old to see the list of babies about to

be launched into Society next month! It seems yesterday little Veronica Duff was a precious dainty mite hugging her doll. And here she is almost grown up and ready to set sailing on the sea of life, with her hair up and her skirts down and a world of young men at her feet. (Rather a mixed metaphor—but I am writing this before breakfast, when it is permissible for ships to have feet and young ladies to set sail anywhere!)

Miss Veronica Duff's mother (now Lady Juliet Trevor) is bringing her daughter out in October, and there will be much entertaining for her. She is very like her beautiful mother, who herself made such a great sensation when she was first presented in London as the only daughter of the very talented and lovely Marchioness of Ripon by her first husband, the then Earl of Lonsdale.

Talking of the little season, I hear that Lady Curzon of Kedleston, at the request of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses, has again undertaken to organise a ball at Lansdowne House. There is a rumour of it being a fancy-dress ball, but I believe this is still undecided. Everyone is delighted to hear that Lord Curzon is quite well again and spending a quiet holiday at Hackwood—the place he has rented for over fifteen years

from Lord Bolton, who died a few weeks ago. The present Lord Bolton married an Irish lady, a sister of Lord Ashbourne, the original Irish Peer who always wears his kilt, *even travelling abroad*. I remember seeing him on a Continental train with crowds staring at him, while he walked about entirely unconcerned or unaware of their curiosity.

Lady Enid Vane and Captain Turnor.

I hear that the wedding on Friday of Lady Enid Vane and Captain Herbert Turnor was a very pretty all-mauve one, owing to the bride still being in mourning for her father, the late Lord Westmorland. Lady Enid Turnor, as she now is, looked very sweet, and they must have made a handsome couple—she with her soft brown eyes and hair, he with his golden hair and blue eyes.

There were two little attendants—Lord and Lady Glamis's four-year-old twins, little Timothy Bowes-Lyon and his sister Nancy, who are, of course, the grandchildren of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds and of Lord and Lady Strathmore. Captain Fowler, a brother-officer of Captain Turnor (who is in the 17th Lancers), was best man.

Other News.

From Vichy comes news of Admiral Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux, who have just arrived to take the waters. From Coblenz I hear that Lord and Lady Erroll have been visiting their son, Lord Kilmarnock (who has an appointment there). And here in Scotland I ran across Lord Downshire the other day, who was with his step-mother, both having just arrived from Easthampstead Park, Wokingham.

Lord Dunmore, V.C., and Lady Dunmore are also in this land of grouse and heather, and expect to remain here till the end of the month. It will be remembered that Lord Dunmore, who was a Major in the 16th Lancers, won his great honour with the Malakand

Field Force in the 1895-97 Frontier War, Afghanistan.

This distinguished soldier has also written a most interesting book called "A Frontier Campaign," and during the Great War won the D.S.O. in France, where he was wounded. His only son, Lord Fincastle, is now a boy of fourteen who will one day inherit about 79,000 acres of lovely Inverness-shire as well as Thornhill, Weybridge, his father's English home.

The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos is also visiting Scotland now. In the neighbourhood of Balmoral all has been excitement. Everyone was looking forward to the bazaar which was opened by Princess Alice Countess of Athlone in the grounds of Balmoral Castle, by permission of the King, last Saturday. Many members of the Royal family were present, and a large number of visitors who welcomed the chance of seeing them. The bazaar was in aid of the Crathie Women's Guild and the Ex-Service Men's Club.

At Warter Priory the York Races.

Dowager Lady Nunburnholme entertained a large party for York Races last week. Sir Alan Johnstone, our distinguished diplomatist, was there; and Captain and Lady Victoria Bullock (Lord Derby's daughter), Mrs. George Keppel, General Sir William Lambton and Lady Lambton, Lady Sarah Wilson, and the Cecil Bingham, who hardly ever miss a race-meeting now. Also Lord and Lady Stanley, Captain and Mrs. de Trafford, Mrs. Arthur James, Mrs. Duberly, Mrs. Guy Wilson, Major Henry Milner, and Baron de Tuyl.

A wonderful land ours! There always seem to be enough amusing people to fill every place. To say nothing of overflowing to Deauville and Le Touquet and Marienbad, and all the other jolly foreign places made more and more fashionable (and expensive) by holiday-loving us.

But Jane will stick to her hill-top for just as long as her long-suffering hosts will have her. There are Red Admirals feasting on heather—and in case you think I am flirting with elderly sailors, Red Admirals happen to be butterflies. IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



4. But it was singularly unfortunate that they should both choose the same prawn merchant for the purchase of prawns—although everyone knows there are no prawns in the sea, now—only at the fishmongers. They have been writing about it to the daily papers.

MOOR, COURT, AND SHOW RING: SPORTING



AT THE ROMSEY AGRICULTURAL SHOW: CONSTANCE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AND LADY MARY GROSVENOR.



COLONEL W. FABER'S SHOOT AT HOUSE OF FARR: THE SPORTSMEN AT LUNCH.



WITH HER SEARCHLIGHT OF BRIDSTOW: LADY DURAND AT THE ROMSEY AGRICULTURAL SHOW.



THE LADY COMPETITOR IN THE OPEN JUMPING AT ROMSEY: MISS RITCHIE OVER THE LAST FENCE IN STYLE.



OUT CUBBING WITH THE BEAUFORT: THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

The Romsey Agricultural and Horse Show Society held their annual show at Broadlands Park, the residence of Colonel Wilfrid Ashley. Constance Duchess of Westminster is the daughter of the late Colonel William Cornwallis West, and was formerly the wife of the Duke of Westminster. She married Captain James Fitzpatrick Lewis in 1920. Lady Mary Grosvenor, her younger daughter, was born in 1910.—Colonel W. Faber's guests at his grouse shoot over the moors of the House of Farr included Lord Invernairn, who may be better remembered as Sir William Beardmore.

Photographs by Alfieri, C.N.

PICTURES OF SOCIAL WELL-KNOWNs.



GUESTS AT THE FARR SHOOT: MR. J. L. DOUGLASS, MRS. BEEVOR, COLONEL W. FABER, AND MR. WASHINGTON M. G. SINGER.



COLONEL W. FABER'S GUESTS ON THE HILL: LORD INVERNAIN AND MASTER JOHN MASON.



THE DAUGHTER OF OLIVIA COUNTESS CAIRNS: MISS DIANA SLOANE STANLEY.



AT THE SOUTHAMPTON LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT: LADY FARNHAM AND THE HON. VARENA AND THE HON. MARJORIE MAXWELL.

He was raised to the Peerage last year.—The Beaufort Hunt have commenced their cubbing season. The Duchess of Beaufort is the wife of the ninth Duke, and a keen sportswoman.—Miss Diana Sloane Stanley, who competed in the Southampton Lawn-Tennis Tournament, is the daughter of Olivia Countess Cairns, widow of the second Earl and wife of Mr. R. C. H. Sloane Stanley.—Lady Farnham is the wife of the eleventh Baron. Her elder daughter, the Hon. Marjorie Maxwell, was born in 1906; and her younger girl, the Hon. Varena, is a year younger.

Grecian Grace and Modern Merriment: "Phi-Phi."



THE GOLDEN APPLE'S TELL-TALE FALL: HELEN (MISS EVELYN LAYE), ARDIMEDON (MR. WALTER WILLIAMS), AND ASPASIA (JUNE).



THE LOVELY SPANIARD DRESSED FOR A GREEK BACCHANALE: TRINI IN SHIMMERING SILVER.



MERCURY BUYS A MASK AT THE OLYMPIAN BATHS: MR. STANLEY LUPINO.

"Phi-Phi," the Greek revue with Attic scenery and costumes, and modern merriment, made a big hit when produced in Paris, and has now come to the London Pavilion for the delectation of Londoners. Mr. Edmund Dulac is responsible for the scenery and costumes, so, naturally, they are a great feature of the entertainment. One of the amusing moments of the first act occurs when Ardimedon settles down to what he imagines will be a cosy little flirtation with the alluring Aspasia under the Golden Apple tree. Unfortunately, he mentions the

fact that the golden fruit is supposed to fall if anyone tells a lie when seated under the branches which bear it; and since his wife, Helen, is concealed in the tree, she literally makes this prophecy come true—and spoils Ardimedon's fun. Trini, the lovely Spanish dancer, is metamorphosed into a Grecian dancer in order to give a Bacchanale with Wojcikowski; and Mr. Stanley Lupino is his inimitable self as Mercury, the Messenger Boy whose pranks provide much of the plot of the revue.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

This Week's Studdy.



THE SHOW GIRL.

Specially Drawn for "The Sketch" by G. E. Studdy.

The SECOND Studdy Dogs' Portfolio is now on sale, and is even better than the first. It contains sixteen plates in colours and continues the famous series of Studdy "Sketch" Dogs. Copies should be obtained immediately.

Attic Grace at the Pav.



AS DIDO, THE WIFE OF "PHI-PHI": MISS VERA FREEMAN.

"Phi-Phi," the new Cochran revue at the London Pavilion, is set in ancient Greece, with Phidias as the hero—but, since frivolity is the order of the merry entertainment, one is put into the right key at once by having that distinguished sculptor introduced under the name of

"Phi-Phi." Miss Vera Freeman makes him a charming wife; and since Mr. Edmund Dulac is responsible for the costumes, it is not surprising that they are very attractive—as our illustration goes to prove, and very becoming to the pretty women who wear them.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

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Deauville Diversions

(Being the Musings of Miranda.)

Grand Prix Day.

As if to make up for a whole season's bad weather, the sun shone down on Deauville on Grand Prix Day as it has not shone before this year.

Radiant skies and a delicious soft warmth in the atmosphere combined to make the event the most successful of the season. Hordes of people poured into Deauville for the week-end. One train from Paris succeeded another, the main roads were black with traffic, and from all the countryside came the natives to assist at this great function of the year, to return to their rural occupations for another twelve months after this feast of royalties, society, and smartness. There were so many onlookers that there was no room for all the customary smartness; so the dress-makers and fashion artists were not pleased, because there were no autumn forecasts. But there is no satisfying everybody. Deauville was so delighted to be able to wear its summer frocks for once, that it forgot to live up to its reputation that the Grand Prix shows dresses that are the forerunners of what we are to wear during the whole year to come. For all that, it was a very pretty gathering, with all the pretty white frocks and the bright-coloured organdies making the paddock look like some gorgeous flower garden.

The King of Spain appeared early at his last public event in Deauville. He was leaving the following day for Dieppe, on his way to England for a few days before returning to San Sebastian to join the Queen and their children. The crowd round the grand stand was denser than ever. The Republicans do so dearly love a monarch. It is only when you have given up something that you really begin to appreciate its advantages.

A Dazzling Gathering.

The Duchesse de Noailles, née de Polignac, was there. She presented the Polignac Cup to the Madrid team (composed of the King of Spain, Comte de la Maza, Marquis de Villabragima, and Mr. J. Barret Crockett) when they beat the Bagatelle team. Princesse Philippe de Bourbon came for the big week-end, and wore a pretty black-and-white foulard dress at the Grand Prix. Lady Wodehouse was very smart in red-black-and-white harlequin foulard, with a black velvet hat. She has been with her husband in the King of Spain's party at the Potinière quite frequently. Lady Rocksavage looked attractive in a dull brown-and-blue Paisley pattern dress, with a gauged copper hat trimmed with bright copper coq feathers. The lovely Comtesse de la Maza was in beige crêpe-de-Chine, covered entirely with écu lace, and was wearing lovely pearls and a large black hat. The Duchess of Peñaranda was smart

in beige crêpe-de-Chine. Others I noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Clement Hobson, the latter charming in white crêpe-de-Chine with a large white hat; the Rajah of Pudukota, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Owen, Major and Mrs. Dudley Gilroy, the latter wearing a tucked dress of dull brown crêpe-de-Chine, with a large black hat trimmed with an effective large rosette of black ribbon; the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, Lady Idina Gordon, charming in a simple frock of beige crêpe-de-Chine with a hat to match; Senator Marconi, who has been spending a few days at Trouville on board his famous yacht, the *Elletra*; Mr. Ralph Lambton, the Aga Khan, Señor and Mme. de Bittencourt, the Shah of Persia, who always wears grey fabric gloves, and is accompanied by his Prime Minister wherever he goes; Baron Meyronnet de St Marc, the popular president of the Cercle Nautique and the Polo Club of Cannes; the famous

Dolly Sisters, dressed alike in lace-floated frocks, with large pale pink hats trimmed with clusters of roses, who were being photographed by everybody; Régine Flory, who looked charming in tobacco-brown lace and has the record in Deauville of having appeared in six different frocks in one day.

An Engagement. Everybody was interested in the news of Lady Drogheda's engagement, which she announced to her friends. The lucky man, Señor de Landa y Escandon, is a member of an old family of the Spanish nobility, who was educated at Cambridge, and is a well-known sportsman and polo-player. The engagement was only announced a few days before the marriage on Aug. 31.

The last big polo match of the season took place after the Grand Prix, in the presence of the King of Spain, when the Madrid team won the International Cup against the Freebooters. The Madrid team was playing the Comte de la Maza, who is a marvellous player; Marquis de Villabragima, Colonel Bingham, and Mr. J. A. E. Traill, against Lieutenant Bailey, the Duke of Peñaranda, Lord Wodehouse, and Lord Rocksavage. The game was fast and interesting, but the Madrid team showed an invincible superiority.

There was a large crowd of spectators, everybody who could get in coming over from the race-course. Mrs. Herman Harjes and her husband were entertaining a party. Mr. Herbert Pulitzer, the owner of the *New York World*, was entertaining a large gathering, which included the Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven and Count Michael Torby. Mr. Ralph Lambton was with Mlle. de Montgomery and the Hon. Reginald



Fellowes. The King of Spain was in the royal tent with the Duchess of Peñaranda, Marquis and Marquise de Viana and their son, Lady Wodehouse, Lady Rocksavage, and the Marquis San Miguel. Baron and Baroness Robert de Rothschild had a party, and so had the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche.

Everybody regrets that the King of Spain's visit has come to an end, and no visitor ever went away leaving more pleasant memories amongst those who are left behind. His popularity has been extraordinary, owing to his great charm and simplicity and the kindly manner in which he has received the acclamation of the public.

Sem's New Book.

The great topic of conversation at Deauville just now is Sem's new book of caricatures, called "*Le Nouveau Monde*." The camp is divided between those who have achieved notoriety by having their weaknesses exposed to public laughter, and



CONTROLLING PARIS TRAMWAY POINTS BY ELECTRICITY: A POINTSMAN IN HIS LOOK-OUT BOX ON THE PLACE DE L'ÉTOILE.—[Photograph by M. Rol.]



AT THE DEAUVILLE RACES: BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD (LEFT) WITH LORD AND LADY ROCKSAVAGE.

Lord Rocksavage is the elder son of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, and Lady Rocksavage is the daughter of the late Sir Edward Sassoon. They have two sons and a daughter.

those who have escaped, but who are a little hurt by the suspicion that they may be considered nonentities.

Millions continue to change hands over the green tables. André Citroën, maker of the little green Paris taxis, seems to win or lose a million every day. But soon the hotels will begin to put up their green shutters, and Deauville will go to sleep like the fairy princess, to wake up again in July next year, when the crowd streams back.

ON SPORT AND PLEASURE BENT: SOCIETY



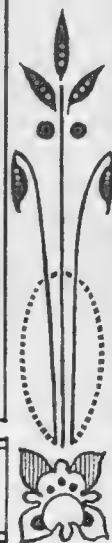
OFF FOR A CARRIOLE DRIVE: LADY JOAN MULHOLLAND AND MISS SEYMOUR IN NORWAY.



RECEIVING PRIZES FROM MRS. DUDLEY WARD: MISS E. BENNETT AND MASTER D. LAMBERT CHAMBERS.



SUMMER WEATHER! LADY POLTIMORE WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER, THE HON. JOHN BAMPFYLDE AND THE HON. SHEILA BAMPFYLDE (CENTRE).



AT FRINTON-ON-SEA: LADY VICTOR PAGET AND MRS. ROMILLY (LEFT).

Lady Joan Mulholland, widow of the eldest son of the second Lord Dunleath, and daughter of the fifth Earl of Strafford, has been spending some time in Norway. She was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Mary in 1918.—The second "American" lawn-tennis tournament of the season took place recently at Frinton-on-Sea, and the child prize-winners included Mrs. Lambert Chambers' small son. Mrs. Dudley Ward, the wife of the Vice-Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, presented the prizes. Mrs. Romilly, who was one of the competitors, is the sister of Mrs. Winston Churchill and the daughter of Lady Blanche Hozier.—Sir Dudley Forwood, who is shown in our snapshots of a meet of the New Forest Buckhounds, is

PICTURES FROM NORTH AND SOUTH.



AFTER THE FRINTON TOURNAMENT: LADY HOOD
AND MISS CONSUELO EYRE.



OUT WITH THE NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS: SIR DUDLEY FORWOOD, MISS LEESE,
AND LADY MARY GROSVENOR.



HIS GRACE CHOOSES A FLY: THE DUKE OF RICHMOND
SALMON-FISHING ON THE SPEY.



HELPING TO LEASH THE HOUNDS: MASTER DOUGLAS FORWOOD AT A MEET
OF THE NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS.

the second Baronet, of The Priory, Gateacre, Childwall. His only son is Master Dudley Richard Forwood, born in 1912. Lady Mary Grosvenor is the younger daughter of the Duke of Westminster, and a keen sportswoman.—Lady Poltimore, who is shown at the Dulverton Gymkhana, which took place in somewhat inclement weather, is the wife of the fourth Baron and the daughter of the Hon. Gerald Lascelles. She has one son, the Hon. John Bampfylde, born in 1914, and one daughter, two years his junior.—The Duke of Richmond and Gordon has been at his Scottish seat, Gordon Castle, Fochabers, for the salmon-fishing on the Spey, which is among the best in Scotland.—[Photographs by S. and G., C.N., and Alfieri.]



Return of the American Barmen.

One sign of the beginning of London's autumn and winter season is the return from Deauville, Dieppe, Biarritz, and Luchon of the artists who preside over the American bars.

"Harry," of *Ciro's*; "Robert," of the Embassy Club; and Harrison, who used to be chief cocktail-mixer at the Midland Grand at Manchester, and now superintends the American bar at the London Metropole and its companion hotels, are perhaps the three best known "American barmen" in town. They are men who have studied their craft; by a combination of palate and experience they have got to know alcoholic combinations to a nicety; hence the delicacy and attractiveness of the concoctions they invent.

"Harry" is a Scot by birth, but quite early in life he sought the Continent. In the years before the war he ran the bar of the Nice Casino. He is as well known in Paris and Deauville as in London. I am inclined to think that the Scotsman, when he takes up hotel life—that is, the life of the hotel *de luxe*—does it more thoroughly than the Englishman. Certainly you find more Scotsmen than Englishmen in the big cosmopolitan hotels, where the hotel employé has to speak French, German, Italian and English. One other Scotsman I call to mind who has done well in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the best type of restaurant, and that is "Jock," who for long has had charge of the grill-room at *Ciro's*. He, too, went abroad for his training, and speaks several languages.

"Robert," of the Embassy Club's American bar—he previously served at the Criterion and the Cecil—has a big following among the Embassy members. At his bar at lunch-time you can find most of the "bloods" who are in town. He can not only invent and make most delectable appetisers—he can write about them. His recent book on cocktails and how to make them has gone pretty well round the world. "Robert's" father owns a number of small hotels in Belgium.

Extending to the Clubs.

The popularity of the American bar, with white-jacketed barmen, has spread to the West End clubs. I suppose that Buck's Club started it. The cocktails there are first-class. The Badminton also has gone in

for an American bar. So, quite recently, has the Cavalry Club. Wells's is another club where you need never hesitate to accept a cocktail. "Skipper" Ward has a *flair* for finding barmen who are no amateurs, so when you go into the Bond Street Club you may be certain of getting a delectable *apéritif*.



BY THE FIRST TEE AT NORTH BERWICK :
LADY LEIGHTON.

Lady Leighton is the widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Bryan Leighton, ninth Baronet, of Wattlesborough, Shropshire, and mother of the present holder of the title. She is a member of a famous Scottish family, as she is one of the daughters of Major John Fletcher of Saltoun. Lady Blythwood is her sister.—(Photograph by Balmain.)



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE RING: AN HISTORIC EVENT
AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

On the occasion of the National Sporting Club contest between Wilde and Lynch, the Prince of Wales entered the ring. Our photograph is of the commemoration picture, painted by Mr. Howard Robinson.

Photograph by C.N.

The Clubman. By Beveren.

Clay Pigeon Shooting.

Clay pigeon shooting may be useful for getting the eye in at the very opening of the shooting season, but the experts are agreed that if you become good at bringing down the birds of clay, your work with the gun when out for the "real thing" is most likely to suffer.

A very little experience of clay pigeon shooting makes you realise that the time to "loose off" is just when the "bird" has completed its upward flight. For a fraction of a second it seems, indeed, to be hanging in the air. With live birds, waiting tactics of this kind are certain to prove highly unprofitable.

The New Cycling Boom.

One outstanding feature of the week-end this summer has been the very noticeable increase of cyclists on the main roads leading out of London. We were talking of it last Sunday while motoring back to town along the Portsmouth Road.

One view was that the Daylight Saving Bill had made the young people anxious to utilise the longer evenings for getting farther out of London. Someone else thought the new wave of cycle-purchasing was one of the last outward and visible signs of the prosperity that came just after the war.

Well, cycling is a healthy exercise, and also enables those who take it up to see scenes and phases of life different from those that accompany their workaday existence. But there is one thing cyclists should remember: 1922 is not like twenty-five years ago, when great parties of cyclists could have the roads almost to themselves. The motor-car, and latterly

the motor-lorry, and the small car in particular, have completely revolutionised traffic. It is faster, has become ten times more voluminous, and for safety requires the strictest adherence to the rules of the road.

But cyclists, as I have noticed a good deal of late, seem, by a kind of gregarious instinct, to want to ride three and four abreast. That makes it difficult for faster traffic to pass them. Also, they are inclined to zigzag, even when they are on their right half of the road—an other disconcerting habit for those behind them.

Further experience of this new lease of popularity of the push bicycle will bring increased skill in fitting it in with the motor-car and the pedestrian. That time can come none too soon.

The Wife and Daughter of a Merchant Prince.



WITH AMALIA GULIELMA : LADY DEMETRIADI.

Lady Demetriadi is the wife of Sir Stephen Demetriadi, K.B.E., of the firm of Ralli Brothers, the famous East India merchants, and is the daughter of Mr. R. G. Bates. She was married in 1913, and has two sons and a daughter. The elder boy, Springett Stephen Demetriadi, was born in 1914; Richard

Stephen Demetriadi is four years younger; and their sister, Amalia Gulielma Demetriadi, comes between the boys, as she is six and a-half years old. Sir Stephen and Lady Demetriadi have a town house in Cadogan Square, and also spend a good deal of time in Sussex, where Sir Stephen has a big farm.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

SOME of the very popular seaside tournaments attract such enormous entries that the manager must look upon the six days allotted to him as the "eye of a needle" through which he is expected to pass a gigantic "camel," represented by the competitors. I am therefore all in favour of these tournaments beginning quite early every day of the week. It is no hardship on the players, and the manager is relieved of much worry and anxiety.

Convinced that there is everything to be gained by a ten o'clock start, imagine what a shock it was to my system to see, in big headlines at the top of the sporting columns of an important daily paper, these ominous words: "Dangers Lurking in Early Doubles." Hastily I started to read, expecting to find that somebody's rather rotund and elderly lady partner had collapsed on the court as a

result of playing too soon after an elaborate four-course hotel breakfast. I could imagine the wretched manager surrounded by a hostile crowd incensed by the sight of a prostrate fellow-competitor—laid low, as they would tell him, by his ruthless severity.

But my fears proved to be groundless, for, after reading a few lines,

I was relieved to find that the article had nothing whatever to do with lawn-tennis, the "early doubles" referring to that particular form of backing "gee-gees" which is indulged in by those who like the risk of taking long-priced duplicates on such races as the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire or the Lincoln and National.

There is a certain amount of uneasiness regarding the status of amateurism in lawn-

just the reverse. One notices the game first; but just round the edges of it the careful observer can detect a very faint tinge of commercialism.

The fact that on a hot summer afternoon (August 26, to be exact) football "pro's."



were striving to put a ball into a net, while lawn-tennis players were trying to get a ball over a net, must have offended anyone with

a sense of proportion. The greed of "gate" money is, of course, the reason for professional football—a winter game—butting in upon the summer season. We have, on the amateur side, the World's Lawn-Tennis Championships on grass at Wimbledon Park; and, on the professional side, there will be the final of the Football Cup tie at Wembley Park. Both represent very big "gate" money. It doesn't really matter much what the ruling authorities of professional sport do to increase their revenue. But it behoves the officials and guardians of amateurism to see that its escutcheon has no blots upon it.

Prominent first-class lawn-tennis players, though personifying the very perfection of amateur purity, do unavoidably represent "gate" money. They cannot help themselves. Just as the absence of a popular actor from the cast of a play affects the box-office, so the "gate" at Wimbledon suffers if a favourite first-class player is unable to appear in the limelight of the Centre Court.

It is here, unless a very faithful and jealous guard is kept, that the escutcheon of the amateur might easily get a nasty indelible blot upon it. Then a word as to Regulation 8 for the management of lawn-tennis prize meetings. It runs as follows: "No person receiving, directly or indirectly, monetary remuneration for goods specially supplied for, or services rendered in connection with, any prize meeting shall be eligible as a competitor at such meeting."

By this rule a manufacturer of lawn-tennis goods can play at a tournament where he has not supplied the plant, although that same week he may be doing so at every other tournament on the calendar.

Let us imagine the case of a Mr. X., an old

tournament player, and now the head of a firm that supplies every requisite for lawn-tennis, from the umpire's chair to the competitors' white shoe-laces.

He has arranged to take his holiday at a tournament where his firm are not supplying the plant, and at which, therefore, the law allows him to be a competitor.

In the first round he is drawn against Mr. Z., who snatches a week from the office to play in his one and only tournament of the year. Mr. Z. is wearing a brand-new pair of shoes (with the pure plantation rubber soles, as now worn) supplied him by his opponent. Could Mr. Z., under Regulation 8, refuse to play Mr. X. on the ground that he had received "monetary remuneration for goods specially supplied" to him for that meeting, and demand a "walk-over" in the very shoes his opponent had sold him?

One would hardly expect to find romance or poetry among ball-boys. But while looking through a wonderful lawn-tennis album with autographs and photographs of nearly every first-class player I came across two pieces of poetry alleged to have been written by a Wimbledon custodian of the spherical Slazenger.

I did not notice any particularly poetical-looking ball-boy at Wimbledon. Perhaps it was the one who seemed to be always asleep when his services were urgently needed. He was really deep in thought over the beauty of the lines of a new triquet he had just put together.

I reproduce the two poems exactly as they were written, spelling and all—

He'd save up the whole of 'is pennies
Ter see Soosan Longlong play tennis,
An' he'd put 'is last shirt
On the laidy wood Bert,
Though 'is age next july only ten is.

The next is most romantic—
An' I would be the racket
In 'er dainty dainty 'and,
Or the ball though 'ard she smack it,
Or that lucky Longlong band.

The ball-boy signs himself just plain "Alf." But there would have been quite a poet-laureate flavour attaching to the work if he had written underneath the verses: "Alfred, Lawn-Tennis Boy."

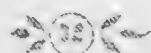


THE FOOTBALL :-
"HOT, AIN'T IT?"
THE OTHER BALL :- "SERVES YOU RIGHT;
YOU'VE NO BUSINESS TO BE OUT YET."



tennis. Out-and-out professionalised sport (of which, perhaps, "Soccer" is the best—or worst—example) wears no mask. £ s. d. sticks out well in the foreground; and, though the balance-sheet is of first importance, it cannot entirely hide the fact that there is a game behind it. With lawn-tennis it is

Mr. Cyril Maude's Return: Criterion Chuckles.



TALBOYES TRIES TO GET THE HANG OF SYNCOPATED TECHNIQUE:
MR. CYRIL MAUDE, AND MR. ERNEST TRIMMINGHAM.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS THE RELUCTANT TALBOYES,
AND MISS BINNIE HALE AS PAULINE DIPPER.



PRACTISING THE "ESKIMO LUMBER": MISS BINNIE HALE AS PAULINE DIPPER,
AND MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS THE SUPPOSED HANK P. DIPPER.



A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM THE MUDDLE:
MR. HENRY TALBOYES (MR. CYRIL MAUDE).

Mr. Cyril Maude has chosen "The Dippers," a farcical comedy by Mr. Ben Travers, for his welcome return to the Criterion, and, together with Miss Binnie Hale, the young leading lady, manages to raise a good deal of laughter over the absurd adventures of Mr. Henry Talboyes. That unhappy man is stranded at a railway station, and mistaken for Hank P. Dipper, of the Dipper Dancing Duo, who are to give an exhibition of ball-room dancing. When Mrs. Dipper discovers that Talboyes—not her Hank—has turned up, she insists that the deception

should be continued, and tries to overcome Talboyes' inefficiency as a dancer by inventing a new performance called the "Eskimo Lumber." Talboyes' troubles begin with his interview with the Leader of the Coon Band, whose syncopated language is quite unintelligible to him, and culminate in the appearance of his fiancée, who, naturally, does not understand what her young man is doing with Mrs. Dipper. Miss Binnie Hale's brilliance and Mr. Cyril Maude's puzzled geniality extract every ounce of comedy from the situations.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



READY TO GREET VISITORS: MISS IVY TRESMAND IN THE DRIVE OF HER BOURNE END HOUSE.



ON THE RUSTIC BRIDGE OF PRIORY FORD:
MISS IVY TRESMAND.



AMONG HER ROSES: A MEMBER OF "THE LADY
OF THE ROSE" CAST.

AT HOME AT PRIORY FORD, BOURNE END: MISS IVY TRESMAND

Miss Ivy Tresmand is one of the cleverest and most attractive of our rising young actresses, and is seen at her best in her present rôle of Sophie Lavalie, the ballet dancer in the Daly's success, "The Lady of the Rose." Miss Tresmand, who made her first appearance in "Shell Out," counts Miss Teddie Gerard's part in "Bubbly," and important rôles in "Just Fancy," "Sybil," and other productions among her successes. She is very



WITH HER FAMILY
OF SWANS: SOPHIE
LAVALLE OF "THE
LADY OF THE
ROSE."



AT THE WINDOW
OF THE BOAT-HOUSE:
MISS
IVY TRESMAND.

ND, THE SOPHIE LAVALLE OF "THE LADY OF THE ROSE."

fond of country life, and is a keen lawn-tennis player and expert swimmer. She is the chatelaine of the charming river house shown in our photographs. It is called Priory Ford, and is at Bourne End. Miss Tresmand loves all country pursuits, is devoted to her swans and other pets, and takes a keen interest in her garden.—[Photographs by Stage Photo Co.]

Girl Golfers—and Their Evolution.

By R. Endersby Howard.



A Climax. That dainty trifle which is known as the Girls' Open Golf Championship will rise very soon to its brief but glorious climax. For over a month solemn little maids have been playing their qualifying rounds in all parts of the country—from Moray in the far North of Scotland to Bournemouth in the South of England—and on Sept. 19 and 20 the sixteen elect will take part in the final stages at Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire.

Immortal Precocity. I suppose that, in nine cases out of ten, the golfer who is going to be first-class at the game shows a marked aptitude for it at the age of fourteen or fifteen. Often this talent asserts itself even earlier in life. Consequently, tournaments for the generation that is in its teens are interesting as disclosing the identity of possible champions of the future. Until a few years ago they were practically non-existent. The girls and boys of former days had to possess very considerable precocity as well as enterprising parents in order to be able to distinguish themselves on the links. The most historic instance of the young prodigy is that of Mr. John Ball, who at the age of fourteen finished sixth in the Open Championship at Prestwick, only eight strokes behind the winner, in a field comprising all the leading professionals of that year—1878. Among the men whom he beat were four who had secured the championship not long previously—Tom Morris, Willie Park, Mungo Park, and Bob Martin—to say nothing of Ben Sayers, who was then just becoming a power in the land. No other boy has ever done anything like that—and no other man has ever equalled Mr. Ball's performance of gaining the Amateur Championship eight times and the Open Championship once.

Two Maids of Seventeen. Among lady players, the most noteworthy example of maturity developed at an early age is that of Miss May Hezlet (now Mrs. M. E. L. Ross), who won the first of her three women's championships when she was only just turned seventeen. That was in 1899. Nine years later, Miss Cecil Leitch reached the semi-final at St. Andrews, also at the age of seventeen. It is difficult to say how these two performances compare. Some people think that the standard of ladies' golf has changed very little since the early days of the championship, a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Horace Hutchinson says

in his reminiscences of fifty years that Miss Leitch and Miss Ravenscroft (now Mrs. Temple Dobell) "are not greatly better, if at all, than Lady Margaret Scott at her best." And Lady Margaret Scott (or Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell, as she is now) won the championship in 1893, 1894, and 1895. He remarks, further, that the leading lady players of a past generation could hold their own with an allowance of a half against the pick of the men amateurs; and we know full well that the best lady golfers still need a half in such matches—and, in spite of this allowance, suffer defeat more often than not.

Gallantry and Greed.

So perhaps it is true that the standard of ladies' golf has not developed in the degree that one might have expected. But these battles between the sexes under handicap have never been sufficiently numerous to prove anything in particular. They were very rare indeed in the earlier days. Moreover, they were conducted in an atmosphere of sociability—without being regarded as tests and without undue publicity—

which may have prompted the male person to be gallant rather than greedy for victory. It seems to me that the play of Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Cecil Leitch is stronger and better than that of any of their predecessors.



ON THE NORTH BERWICK LINKS: MRS. STEELE, WIFE OF GENERAL STEELE, WITH LADY ELLEN LAMBERT (RIGHT), WHO IS THE ELDER OF THE TWO SISTERS OF THE EARL OF CAVAN, K.P., G.C.M.G.—[Photograph by Balmain.]



PLAYING AT PITLOCHRY FOR THE VISITORS: DONALD MATHIESON, THE WONDERFUL BOY GOLFER.

While playing at Pitlochry for the Visitors against Pitlochry, Donald Mathieson, who is at the Edinburgh Academy, made the remarkable score of 75, winning his match by 8 and 6. The scratch score for the course is 78, and the record 70.

Photograph by S. and G.

Hitherto, the practice of lady golfers had been to depend entirely upon a full and graceful swing. It looked elegant; if one may snatch desperately for an expressive phrase, it had the Victorian touch of that gentle propriety which forbade vigour in a lady. The best women golfers of to-day not only swing well, they also hit hard and incisively, as a man instinctively tries to do. The pioneers of the Irish school, Miss May Hezlet and Miss Rhona Adair, of whose golf I saw a great deal when it was the best ladies' golf in the world, to introduce this

may have been the first element of power into the feminine swing. I think they were. But Miss Leitch developed it as nobody had done previously, and it surely cannot be denied that she showed new possibilities to her sex in the art of getting out of bunkers, long grass, and other troublous places.

The Modern Champion.

Similarly, Miss Wethered set a new standard in the application of feminine endeavour to the modern way of playing golf—the overlapping grip and the concise upright swing which takes the club to the top and back by the shortest track that is consistent with rhythm and has never a touch of flourish about it. All the same, it is not at all certain that the general standard of ladies' golf has attained the

strength that might have been expected considering the latter-day number of players and the opportunities for practice which a mere man supposes—probably wrongly—his wife or daughter possesses. Miss Gladys Bastin, Miss Joy Winn, and a few others disclose the mark of exceptional ability judged in the light of modern methods, but there must be a larger army of golfing Amazons in the making.

A Young Hope.

As it will be interesting to see what talent the forthcoming girls' championship may bring to light, let us hope, at any rate, that Miss Muriel Wickenden will be there, for she, at the age of seventeen, holds the women's championship of Kent, and that makes her a very exciting personage. She is the only girl of her years who thus far has vied with the pristine glories of Miss Hezlet and Miss Leitch. And, what is more, her swing has the stamp of golfing genius. Also the Girls' Golf Championship is a pretty sight, and the crowds of parents, brothers and sisters who come to see the play add an individual touch to the meeting.



GOLFING AT NORTH BERWICK: MR. FREDDY C. MENZIES, MRS. JOHN KENNEDY, MRS. MENZIES, AND COLONEL JOHN KENNEDY (L. TO R.).—[Photograph by Balmain.]

Through Temerity to Triumph.

Indeed, I do not think it is too much to say that the advent of Miss Leitch set a new standard for her sex.

A Bride-To-Be: The Daughter of a Soldier-Peer.

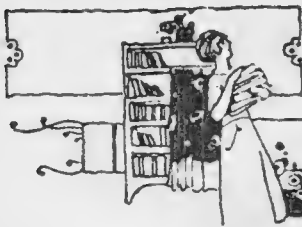


TO MARRY MAJOR HEWSON: THE HON. "KITTEEN" HORNE.

The Hon. "Kitten" Horne is the only child of Major-General Lord Horne, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., first Baron, of Stirkoke House, Wick, and Priestwell House, East Haddon, Northants. The announcement of

her engagement to Major Hewson, late R.H.A., who was recently A.D.C. to her father, has just been made. Miss Horne, who is a recent débutante, is a pretty and charming girl.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Serious Ladies. I want to say a word, if I may—a friendly, confidential, sympathetic word—to the ladies who write the bulk of our novels.

I am quite aware, sisters in distress, that life is a very serious, heart-breaking, lament-

Novels of grief are as fashionable as the cry of "All is lost!" was the "right thing" during the war. There is a psychological reason for this, but such a discussion would be out of place in these care-free pages. One point, however, I would ask you to remember. You, dear lady, who read these lines are not alone in your literary pessimism. Hundreds of others are doing it also. (I nearly wrote

"as well," but that would have ensured clamour.) Novels of grief reach me nearly every day. None but the reviewer of novels can be aware of the vast number of heroines of suicidal tendencies who come into being during the spring and autumn.

Novels of Passion.

Then there is passion. Physical passion, of course, is a very important element. It was invented, as you know, by Nature to keep the world populated. Nature understood very well that she would have to think of

Allison, of the *Sportsman*, has put together a tonic volume in his "Memories of Men and Horses." Nearly all the scenes are laid in the open air. The perfume of boudoirs is wholly banished. In place of it you get the crisp bite of early morning in the dew-steeped paddock, and the glorious scent of sun-baked heather, and the thunder of hoofs as the horses round the bend.

"... Suddenly a whimper from the cover—it was Seamer Wood—rapidly developing into a burst of music, recalled me to myself, and my good mare Skittles was all alert. She was one that I had from Bob Colling, the father of Bob Colling of Newmarket, and she was alleged to be a pure Cleveland bay; but I could never quite believe that she had not a cross of blood in her. Anyhow, Bob Colling the elder—a perfect horseman—had made her into a wonder at timber and cramped fences before she came into my possession.

"An instant's glance showed me hounds bustling along, straight through the wood, directly away from me, while the rest of the field were scuttling round the wood to the left, Jack Parker alone having taken the right side, and thus being widely separated from them." That sort of thing.

With Phil May at Newmarket.

Fancy going to Newmarket with Phil May, when that great genius of black-and-white was at his best! Our author had this experience, and many delightful sketches by Phil May are reproduced in the volume.

Mr. Allison says that Phil May's name is little remembered as touching the sport of racing, but I turn to my treasured "Phil May Folio," and there find a splendid selection of his sporting sketches. "A Paddock Scene" shows many celebrities of the racing world, and there are portraits of "Matt. Dawson," "Swish," "Arthur Coventry," "Sammy Loates," "Chippy Norton," "Joe Thompson," and many another whose features would be quite familiar, I have no doubt, to Mr. Allison.

[Continued overleaf.]



THE PRINCE OF WALES' NEW HUNTING-BOX: EASTON GREY HOUSE, NEAR MALMESBURY, WILTS.

Our photograph shows a view of Easton Grey, looking west. It is the house which has been taken by the Prince of Wales as a hunting-box, and lies in the centre of the famous Badminton country, being near Malmesbury.

Photograph by L.N.A.

able, and generally unsatisfactory business. I am fully alive to the fact that the course of true love does not, and never did, run smooth. I know, further, a great deal about men. I know that they are, very often, brutes. I know that they are inclined to neglect the female to whom they should cling, and cling to the female of whose existence they should be totally unaware.

I know that even women are not always all that they should be to each other. I know that the cat is as rampant as ever on the roof of the social world. I know that people of great merit and unimpeachable morals are frequently passed over in favour of people of no particular merit, very doubtful morals, but much wealth. This is a disgusting state of affairs, which ought to be altered. I agree. If I can alter it, I will. If I can help you to alter it, I will. The cold shoulder deserves to be smacked.

In the meantime, are you not, perhaps, giving the life rotten too generous an advertisement?

Novels of Grief.

Nobody knows better than myself that the road winds uphill all the way. I began the climb very early in life—even before I could walk. But I soon discovered that it was possible to sing even when climbing a hill. And the people who sing are jollier to travel with than the people who continually mourn and beat their breasts.

The fact that your path leads upwards instead of down does not prevent flowers from growing on the banks. And the advantage of climbing instead of descending is that you travel more slowly, and have therefore more time to admire the beauties of the wayside. All this, I admit, is platitudinous, and unfashionable, and low-browed; but somebody has got to call attention to the truth now and again, even though his pate be well thracked by the clowns with bladders who contribute nothing to the progress of hill-climbing humanity.

something compelling if generation after generation was to be kept climbing the hill. So she thought of love. It was a good idea—for Nature.

Whether it was such a good idea for us is a disputable point. I cannot, here and now, enter into it. I must stick to my theme, which is that Misery and Passion are not the only subjects of importance in life. There are other topics of some interest.

And even Love is not always sad. There are moments when it may be quite exhilarating. If you look back, you will discover that the time of your first falling in love, or that period when you were always in love with somebody or other, was really rather jolly. It requires enormous courage to say that, and the hisses fill my ears; but I have said it, and I shall stick to it. Why not, then, give poor old Love a fair chance in your novels? That is all I ask, dreading a nervous breakdown if you persist in your seriousness.

Men and Horses.

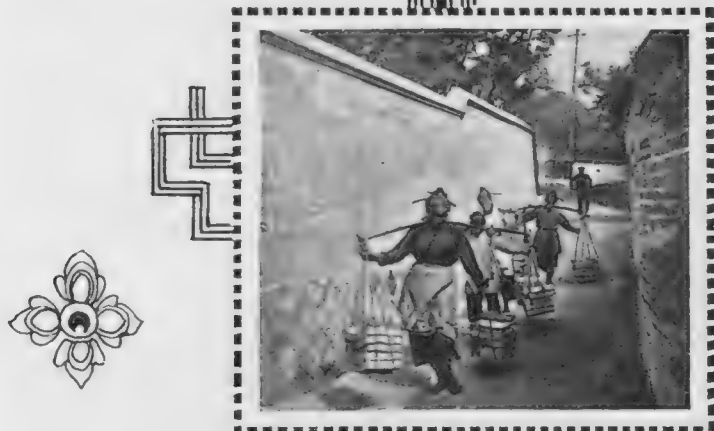
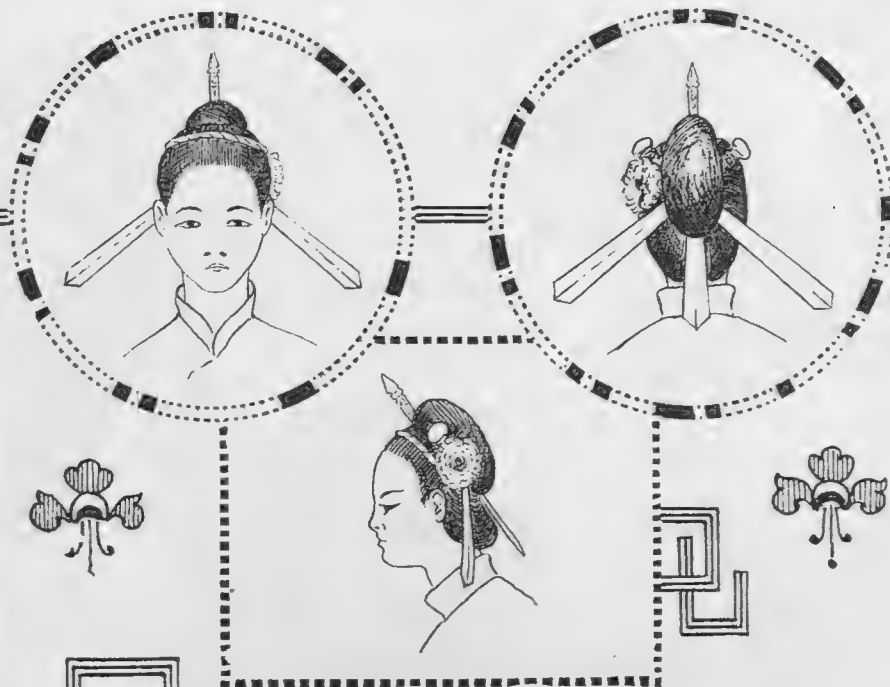
It is a great relief to put the shoals of gloomy novels aside for an hour or two, and get out into the open with men and horses. Mr. William



THE STABLES OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' HUNTING-BOX: THE YARD AT EASTON GREY.

The announcement that the Prince of Wales will hunt in the Badminton country this season has aroused much interest. H.R.H. has taken Easton Grey, which is in the centre of the famous country, and will hunt from there. The house is the property of Colonel Graham Wilder, of Ruckby House, and has been tenanted recently by Mrs. Graham Smith. Arrangements for the arrival of the Prince are being pushed forward, and the house will shortly be ready.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Commemorating an Amazon: A Sword Headdress.



SILVER DAGGERS AS A MEANS OF ATTRACTION: THE BARBAROUS CHARM OF A QUEER COIFFURE.

The young lady of Foochow brushes back her dark hair and coils it in a knot at the back of her head. Then she takes three silver swords or daggers—each about a foot in length, two having a round silver knob at the end of the handle, and the third a spear-like point—and sticks them in, in such a way that the two knobbed swords cross each other, while the pointed one stands upright with the spear-tipped handle uppermost. A red cord is next placed across the hair above the forehead, and a

flower is stuck in behind the ear. A silver chain and jade pins are sometimes added. This curious form of coiffure commemorates the exploits of an ancestor of the Foochow women. She was a king's daughter, and, when Foochow was besieged and the day almost lost, she led out her sister women and turned the tide by their valiance with the sword. Mr. Arthur de Carle Sowerby, F.R.G.S., the well-known explorer and author, is responsible for the drawings and photographs on this page.

(Continued.)

The Phil May sketches in "Men and Horses," none the less, are new to me. They are rather serious in tone, but the signature of the great artist is in every line of them. Unfortunately, Mr. Allison tells us more about Newmarket than about Phil May at Newmarket. He was not sent to Newmarket to write about Phil May. Even editors miss an opportunity at times.

Colonel North. "The strangest sporting character I ever met," he writes, "was the late Colonel North, who made a gigantic fortune out of nitrates, but who, so far as I could gather, was not a man with any pretensions to ability. These things happen somehow," continues Mr. Allison, "and it may be that, before I met Colonel North, he had some inspiration of genius. Anyhow, he made the money, and everyone ran after him during the nitrate boom, when company after company used to be launched, and anyone who could get an allotment of shares was sure of a £2 or £3 premium. Goodness knows how they did it, but the game went on merrily, and the Colonel had London at his feet."

He would. After many years of somewhat amused observation, I have come to the conclusion that respect for money is the ruling characteristic of most of the civilised races in the world. It is very strange, and not a little disappointing, but there it is. Colonel North must have known that London did not love him for himself alone, but he managed to get a good deal of amusement out of his guests.

"Those functions at Avery Hill were marvellous in their way. Colonel North used to challenge anyone present to run sixty yards, and he would give them five yards. He would always beat them, for he had been a bit of a 'pro.' in his young days at Leeds, and had all the tricks of starting. I once saw him run against Rutland Barrington and Lionel Brough. Brough had no chance, but Barrington was then an active young man, and Colonel North made one or two false starts, which led to Barrington running the full distance before he knew what had happened; and then when the real start came, the Colonel was two or three yards in front of him before he knew where he was, and won easily, with 'Lal' Brough distanced."

Portmanteau Words.

The most astonishing thing in Mr. Allison's book is a terribly fierce attack on the Oxford trick of converting such words as "breakfast" and "exercise" into "brekker" and "ekker." Our author has somehow got it into his head that this rather silly sort of slang had a vicious origin. I never heard such a suggestion made before, either at Oxford or elsewhere. The best portmanteau word I know is "brunch"—a term applied to that meal which is too late to be called breakfast, and a shade earlier than the normal time for lunch. A portmanteau word for a portmanteau meal seems appropriate enough. One does not use this slang after one leaves the 'Varsity, but successive generations of undergraduates take to it very kindly.

Mr. Allison wants the football authorities to prohibit the use of the terms "Rugger"

and "Soccer." As Mr. Pelissier used to sing, "I don't see how they could."

Don't bother, Sir. You have written a jolly, breezy, healthy, open-air book—a delightful antidote to the deluge of sexy novels.

"Princess of the Yellow Moon." Here is a story, by Mr. Peter Blundell, of a quite unusual type. The publishers ask you to read it for "thrills, sobs, and, above all, laughter."

I bow to their wisdom, but I was not thrilled, I most certainly did not sob, and I cannot remember that I laughed. All the same, I liked the book. I was intrigued, as they say, by the casual scattering of weird information with regard to Singapore and the adjoining districts.

There is no swank about Mr. Blundell. He does not seek to impress with his profundity or his brilliance. He tells his story as lightly as you please, and rather reveals himself in unexpected phrases and

accumulated quite a library on his subject. Astrology, palmistry, phrenology, physiognomy—books on everything from the card to the tea-cup were at the service of those who came to consult us. We could tell them what Lavater would have thought of their noses, or lack of noses; what Spurzheim would have read as he fingered the bumps and wrinkles of their foreheads. Aye, and, if pressed, we could even have given them information about their future, gathered from an inspection of their entrails, should they care to produce them, for Mesner had a learned tome on the subject; written on parchment by some Greek monk of former days, and beautifully illuminated."

Two Love Stories.

Through all this queer stuff two love stories run, with the same hero for both stories. The perfectly frank way in which he falls bang in love with a native Princess whilst engaged to a charming English girl whom he regards with sincere affection is done with such a sure touch as this—

"I went into that room carelessly, as happy as a lark. I left it trembling in every limb, intoxicated, bewildered, breathless, and (yes, I say it) almost afraid. . . ."

"I closed the door and stood there leaning against the wall. Something had happened which proved that Fate had indeed cast me for the rôle of hero."

"Even now I can see her, sitting at my uncle's desk, a quill pen held poised in her little ivory-coloured hand, the veil of her Malay head-dress flung back, showing her dark hair. Her pale face was wildly beautiful, appealing, bewitching, but not at all Madonna-like. Neither in dreams nor in reality had anything so languorously perfect ever existed. Her big dark eyes, wide-set, with pencilled brows, caught mine as I entered silently, and held them. And so, as I stood there, weakly gripping the door-handle, our eyes rested, mine dim with amazement and delight; hers, it seemed to me, looking into my inmost soul. . . ."

And who do you think she was? She was the daughter of— Oh, well, you had better dash off for a copy of the book.

"The Hidden Force." "The scene of this story is laid in a remote district of Java, the characteristics and inhabitants of which are well known to the author."

They are also known, in some small measure, to me. But I do not pretend to the intimate knowledge of M. Louis Couperus, whose story has been translated by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

The long and short of it is that Java is no place for the weak in flesh.

M. Couperus has managed to convey something of this insidious atmosphere to our pure shores. But I doubt whether he will get it past the antiseptic curtains of our leading libraries.



AS THE MOST IMPOSSIBLE GUEST IN THE WORLD: MR. STANLEY TURNBULL IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "THE LIMPET."

Much of the success of "The Limpet," the new farcical comedy at the Kingsway, is due to the acting of Mr. Stanley Turnbull, as Percy Sheepwell. With his slappings of backs, his slang, his good-humour, and his utter ignorance of his own "impossibility," he shows the audience at every turn how very unpopular "The Limpet" must have been as a guest. And when it is brought home to him that for his daughter's happiness he ought to disappear to Ecuador, he contrives the change from nonsense to seriousness very cleverly.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

situations. The character of Mesner, moreover, the down-and-out Frenchman who disguised himself as an Eastern magician and humbugged the whole of Singapore into parting with its dollars, is a fine piece of work.

Mesner waxed so prosperous that he wanted a partner who could impersonate him and take his turn at the fortune-telling. The young Englishman who tells the story applied for the job and got it.

Credulous Ladies Should Read This.

"Fortune-telling, needless to say, isn't yet an exact science. Like psycho-pathology, it's a happy hunting-ground for quacks. But we, as intelligent men, took an interest in the profession we got our living at, and strove to give our clients the best value for their money. Mesner had



AS "THE LIMPET'S" SUFFERING HOSTESS: MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE AS MRS. DEVSON.

Miss Sybil Arundale gives an excellent study of the suffering hostess in "The Limpet," when she appears as Mrs. Devson, who is obliged to entertain the impossible Percy Sheepwell at Thorpe House. Our photograph shows Miss Arundale in one of the charming frocks she wears in the new Kingsway production.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

- Memories of Men and Horses. By William Allison. (Grant Richards; 21s. net.)
Princess of Yellow Moon. By Peter Blundell. (Methuen; 6s. net.)
The Hidden Force. By Louis Couperus. (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net.)

It's all very well —



Telling men —



to wear less —



And less —



As the weather —



Gets warmer —



And warmer



But what about
our tobacco, pipes,
pocket books &c? —



After all, this is
rather undignified. —



Perhaps the Vanity
Bag is the best
solution

D'Egville

THE PLIGHT OF THE POCKETLESS.

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.



Tales with a sting.

CLEVERNESS.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON. (Author of "Double Crossed," "Lou Collins," &c.)

EARLY in his political career, Hubert Quogging had been accused of intelligence, and the stigma clung.

He was one of those tall, firm young men who have the gift of appearing almost human in any Press snapshot. In repose he had a manner which made the sturdy oak look like a far too excitable leek in comparison. This Buddhistic calm was rendered amazing by a secretary whose taste in rhetoric was such as to cause the sternest efforts of Mr. Lenin to seem the mere lisplings of a fond grandmother. When the speeches of such a secretary emerged from the graven, not to say butler, calm of Hubert, the world was treated to the startling charm of a homely cottage loaf displaying the more earnest emotions of Vesuvius.

Having these gifts, and having won what the party whips counted a hopeless seat in a Labour area, he was, until he arrived in the House of Commons, considered a coming man. Once in the House, however, it did not seem as though he would come all the way. The House is a large moist area in which provincial squibs make no more than a damp splutter. Hubert Quogging went the way of his kind, which was rather distressing for him, for he felt that the cut of his figure was especially suitable for Government benches.

It was not until after two years of striving silence that he encountered Lady Peter Stern, and found through her the means to rise.

It was a queer meeting. Hubert, through no virtue of his own, found himself in one of our most modest and discreditable streets at that hour when human nature is not quite certain whether it ought to be in its pyjamas or its cold tub. In this particular street they generally thought about supper at this time. Walking along its pavement wondering why it was that, no matter how brilliantly his secretary had worked, the *Times* could say no more of the principal item of a debate than, "And Quogging spoke too," Hubert ran into two men and a maid.

The maid was Lady Peter, the men were impossible. They had also striven with considerable success to render themselves more so. They were bright and reeling examples of Things A Young Woman Should Not Know. How Lady Peter came to be mixed up with them matters not. But she was, profoundly and literally. She had spent an evening with them, and brothers and sisters of their kind at one of those Night Clubs specially constructed to shock to the core the readers of Sunday newspapers. Hubert ran into the three of them at their most inextricable moment. They also ran into him, and all round him, and the largest of the men pressed Hubert's hat firmly and convincingly down to the tip of his nose; one of the others tripped him, and several removed his boots.

Hubert caught a severe cold through walking on West Central pavements in silk socks, but that did not prevent him from going to a party given by Lady Peter's father the next day. Lady Peter's father was one of those dim molluscular forces that loom behind Cabinets. Nobody knows quite why they are there, but from their shy, dark movements come those impulses that make a great majority what it is. Lady Peter's father was, in fact, a power behind the throne.

Hubert tried to Tank his way into the neighbourhood of Lady Peter's father; but

there were about him so many young men who knew that one day they *must* be at least Lords of the Treasury, that the feat was impossible. He sat down beside Lady Peter instead, and after a rather nervous opening about the weather and the latest play, Hubert suddenly found himself mentioning his ambitions.

If, he told her, he could ever get a chance of doing anything in the Colonial Office line—then he'd show the Nation. He was quite willing to show the Nation something from the War Office or the Admiralty, but it was only the Colonial Office that had a vacancy at the present moment. . . . He talked about it a good deal. How intensely he desired this position. What a chance it would mean to him.

Lady Peter sat quietly and palely listening. She was, on the whole, a charming and even sedate girl of no outstanding wickedness, who sometimes gave way to rashes of more than unwise recklessness. She was supremely conscious of the fact that *this* time she had gone considerably more than too far. If the episode of the Night Club and her two companions got out there would be the deuce to pay. She listened to the one man who could give her away with almost painful attention. She remembered his reputation for cleverness.

A week later dense masses of the only possible man for the job learnt with dismay that this unknown back-bencher, Hubert Quogging, had got the Colonial Office post.

From that moment Hubert began to haunt Lady Peter—and to rise. There was no doubt that Lady Peter had been the instrument through which Hubert had obtained his job, and Hubert thought it only natural, in the circumstances, to confide his further ambitions.

He dropped in regularly to talk over things with her, but never so regularly as when there was a new position going. He used to say, "You are so helpful, Lady Peter. You understand me, and what is *in* me. I feel I can confide in you as in nobody else. You, too, see that I have the power to grapple with things; that I have views on administration. It's like talking to a twin soul. . . ."

After he had talked to his twin soul, he invariably mounted yet another step towards the Front Bench. Lady Peter's father, a shrewd enough man out of his home, but a too fond father within it, found that subtly he was becoming possessed by the thought that this young Quogging was a Parliamentarian of immense moral significance. He did not quite know how the thought had come to him, but since it was there he fancied it must have resulted from his own shrewd judgment. After all, this Quogging had started out as a clever chap. . . . won that seat against odds, and so forth. Also he did not make mistakes. People who look like a higher phase of butler and act like Buddha—that is, with a strong, placid silence—don't make mistakes. They simply look profound and keep their tongues between their teeth while they get someone else to smooth out the mess.

And then Lady Peter, who was shedding her rather wild ways, saw a lot of the fellow, and thought a lot of him, too. Lady Peter was always bringing him up in conversation. . . . His daughter, too, had suddenly exchanged her rather breathless smartnesses

for a devotion to bazaar openings, attendance at the meetings of Young Sinn-I'-ein-Conservative Guilds, laying foundation stones at Rabbit Clubs, and like High Political doings. She had become a true daughter to him. His respect for her intelligence increased. Yes, she thought a lot of young Quogging. She agreed with his own opinion. . . . Quogging went up and up.

When he was firmly established as an Under-Secretary, and the papers had begun to caricature him as the Wooden-Faced Joss of The Answer is in the Negative—that is, when his position was made—Lady Peter felt that she had finished with him.

But she hadn't. One wet day he came round and proposed. It wasn't a very good proposal, for, naturally, he couldn't let his secretary write out a speech like that. But he did express a certain idea that he fancied it necessary they should join to conquer the world together in bonds of Holy Matrimony. "In a way I feel that you have already had a hand in the making of my career, Lady Peter," he ended.

"Is that all you feel?" she asked. Then she said, almost with an accent of despair: "Must I do it?"

"Must you?" he repeated, puzzled.

"Must I do this too?" she went on a little hysterically. "I've done all the other things, pulled all the wires, done the beastly backstairs work to push you along—and you don't know how I hated that. I've given up all the things I care for most—the gay things, the bright things—and have simply steeped myself in the proprieties: those frowsty bazaars, those detestable Guild meetings, the whole wallow of dusty, stuffy, dull, utterly unendurable things. I've turned over a new leaf. . . . But must I—do you demand that I marry you?"

"Demand?" he cried. "What are you talking about? How can I demand?"

"Oh, I know you've never brought it up. You are too clever. You've been tactful—even, in a way, kind—but it's always been behind, hasn't it?"

"Look here," blurted Quogging, "I don't understand this. What's always been behind?"

"Beevis Street," she said with a gasp.

"Beevis Street?" he said, staring.

"Where's Beevis Street?"

"That morning in Beevis Street," she said.

"What morning in Beevis Street?"

"Don't torment me," she cried. "You know it's the reason why. . . . It's because of that that I did all I did for you. . . ."

"Beevis Street," mused the puzzled Quogging. "Yes, I think I remember the place now. Had rather an unpleasant experience there once. I was assaulted by some hooligans. Two men and a woman. . . ."

"A woman?" said Lady Peter mechanically.

"Oh, rather a common sort of woman. Chorus girl, I suppose. One doesn't pay attention to the faces of creatures like that. Don't know who she was from Adam. . . . But she's the only woman I can connect with Beevis Street. Where you come in I don't see at all. Not at all. . . . Would you mind prompting my memory. . . ."

He stopped and stared at Lady Peter. Lady Peter, for no reason that he could see, had gone off into hysterics.

THE END.

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Crack Men of the Crack Counties.

C. N. WOOLLEY.

WOLLEY of Northants made a big stride forward this season when he played for the Players at the Oval, and thoroughly did he deserve to do so. He has come on a lot as a batsman, and is a better bowler than is generally supposed to be the case. There is plenty of room for him to go on improving with the ample practice to be derived from playing for Northants.

F. WALDEN.

"Fanny" Walden is a keen and clinking good all-rounder. Famous on the Soccer field, he is as honest a trier at cricket, at which he has played many good innings for Northants. Fielding at cover-point in their eleven, he is noted for his quickness and sure catching. A prop, though a small one, of the Northants XI.



BELLAMY WICKET-KEEPING.

in the case of others, and nothing can deprive Thomas of the right of being considered one of the best fast medium right-handers in his county.

B. BELLAMY.

A wicket-keeper who is coming on fast is Bellamy, who wears the gloves for this county. Since the days of "Dick" Lilley, the late William Storer, and the late Gregor Macgregor, it has not been the case that a wicket-keeper has been a consistently useful run-getter. But Bellamy has scored a century this season; and the only other wicket-keepers to do so are Smith of Warwickshire and Livsey of Hants. Bellamy should be heard of later on in bigger than county cricket. At least, that is my considered opinion of his future in the world of sport.

W. WELLS.

Another prop, though a heftier one, is the burly Wells, who is an ex-soldier, with all a Tommy's love for sheer hard work and exercise in the open air. Though more generally known as a fast bowler—as, indeed, he was before the war—Wells is not without ability as a forcing batsman. He is one of the few fast bowlers who have hit a century in a first-class match, in that respect ranking with C. J. Kortright, J. M. Gregory, and W. Lockwood.

A. E. THOMAS.

Thomas is a Welshman who jumped into fame with a big performance the season before last—form which he has scarcely maintained so consistently as it was hoped at the time he would. The disadvantages of a startling first performance have been noticed many a time



F. WALDEN.



A. E. THOMAS.



C. N. WOOLLEY.



W. WELLS.

CRICKET STYLISTS PHOTOGRAPHED BY A WELL-KNOWN CRICKETER: XI.—NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

Gammon !



THE VISITOR : This fence is very crooked. Aren't you afraid of the pig getting through ?

THE FARMER : Ah, that's the benefit of it. It's so crooked that if the pig does get through, it finds itself on the same side.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

Waring & Gillow's DOWN QUILTS

THE illustrations below represent two of our leading examples of value of upwards of 3,000 Quilts of exclusive designs and attractive colourings, which we have in stock.



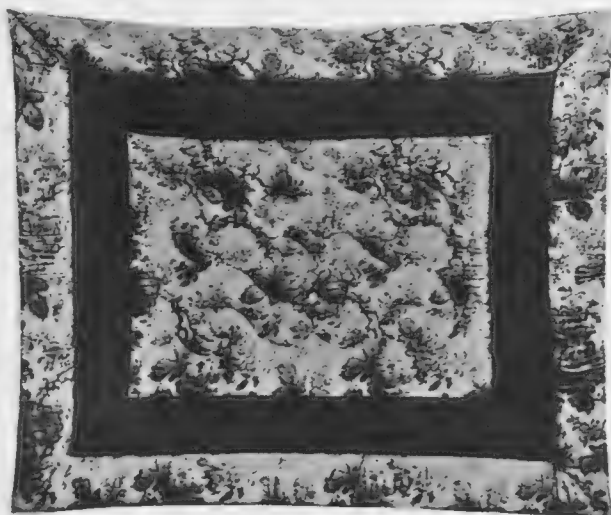
Q8082. Down Quilt covered plain Japanese silk of good quality, wide pouffe borders, well filled good Arctic down and ventilated, in a very large selection of plain and reversible colours. **Note: This Quilt should not be confused with the narrow border type.**

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Note: This is covered in sateen, *not* cambric.

Single bed size ... 22/9 Double bed size ... 31/6



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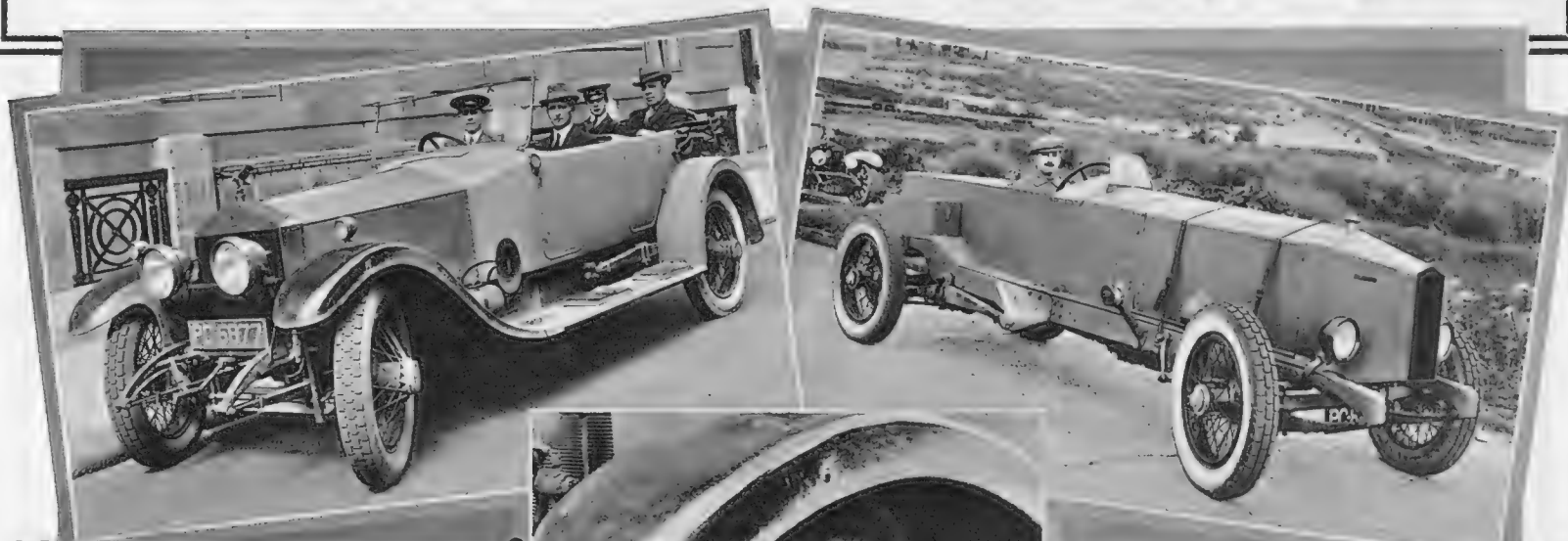
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the puncture and burst problem, but organised his new factory in such a manner that these super tyres can be produced and sold at identically the same prices as other leading makes. Rapson tyres are definitely guaranteed to cover a *minimum* of 5000 miles on Fabric, 6000 miles on Cord, and 10,000 miles on Super-Cord.

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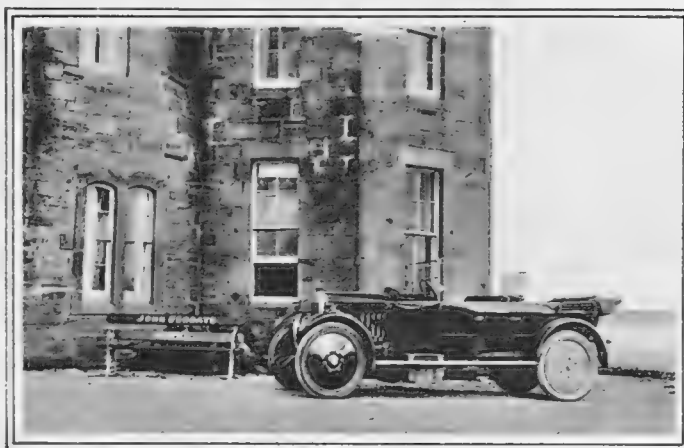
Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

The Six-Cylinder Alpine Car.

During the past few days of sunshine, I took the opportunity of trying the six-cylinder Alpine Steyr touring car, built in Austria from jigs on mass-production principles, until the erecting stage is reached. Then these methods are relaxed, and the individual unit is subjected to an exceptionally rigid test, as the whole of the units, such as engine, gear-box, rear-axle, etc., are thoroughly tested in special departments of the works before being assembled, and the complete chassis is then given a test run of 100 to 200 miles of roads actually in the Alps. Hence its title, the Alpine Steyr. It seems to me that this means of production is most satisfactory, as not only is an excellent vehicle produced, but at a cost which is low compared with others of its power and size. In England it is handled by Messrs. Sanders and Forster, Ltd., who are an old-established firm of steel constructional engineers at Barking. Both the partners bought one of these cars as private motorists, and were so delighted with them after running them 35,000 miles that they obtained the concession to import them, to let other motorists enjoy the pleasures on the road that they had done. Which only shows you how Chance brings people into a business they had no idea originally of entering. Rochefoucauld has said much about the same thing in regard to men's wisdom, so I claim no laurels for the originality of the sentiment. But I do know a good car when I come across one, and this Alpine Steyr has a number of features that give it many road virtues, so that I can readily understand how Mr. J. T. Sanders and Mr. R. Forster realised its commercial value.

Accessibility a Leading Feature. On the road I found it travelled smoothly and swiftly, though the surface was none too good—yet I expect a regular bowling-green in comparison with the roads in its land of origin: consequently it made light of our trifling inequalities of surface. Its success at the Southsea speed carnival in its ordinary touring condition is public evidence that it can "hop it," as our youngsters express it, as fast as the roads and traffic will permit. It is, however, its wonderful accessibility in design that really induced me to give the Alpine a trial, as I do not know any other motor-car at present on the market that can in any way approach it in this virtue, beloved by the owner-driver. For instance, one can examine the crank-shaft, ball-bearings, and the big ends of the connecting-rods by simply unscrewing a butterfly nut and removing the cover that conceals these important items behind it. In fact, you can take a piston out from this opening if you want to. Of course, this 24-h.p. rated engine has overhead

valves, and the hollow cam-shaft is driven by double helical timing wheels—one on this shaft, and the other on the crank-shaft; and the twelve valve-rockers are so arranged that when the springs are removed these can slide laterally along their axles. In fact, so easy is it to remove a valve that I can imagine some of the very mechanical amateur motorists doing this for fun on an off-day at home in the garage. How Austria, in its deplorable economic state, manages to get the excellent materials and put the fine finish on the work itself puzzles me; but the result is splendid, so, as our U.S.A.



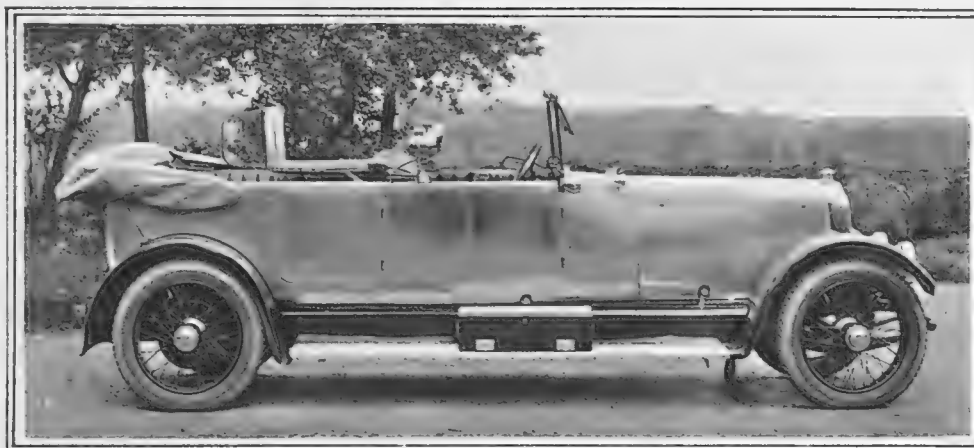
PHOTOGRAPHED AT JOHN O' GROAT'S: A 14-H.P. VAUXHALL WITH A PRINCETON BODY.

The owner of this 14-h.p. Vauxhall, with a Princeton body, thinks that it is the finest car of its power he has ever driven, and in his opinion it is equal to many 20-h.p. cars.

friends remark: "Why worry?" There is also a four-cylinder Alpine Steyr of similar virtues, of 14 h.p., which is wonderful value for its cost—under £500

Sunny Southsea's Motor Carnival.

I went down to Southsea in order to witness the Portsmouth Corporation inaugurate motor racing on the Esplanade beyond the old Beach Mansions Hotel—now



ONE OF PRINCE RANJITSINHJI'S NEW LANCHESTERS: A 40-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER CAR WITH A TOURING BODY FINISHED IN POLISHED ALUMINIUM.

Prince Ranjitsinhji's preference for Lanchester cars is shown by the fact that he has now had twelve cars built for him by the famous firm. His latest purchase is two 40-h.p. six-cylinder Lanchesters. The car illustrated in our photograph has a touring body finished in polished aluminium. It has seating accommodation for six persons, and is upholstered in leather.

the Royal Beach—as an additional attraction for their summer visitors. And as there were many thousands of them that lined the sea-wall on one side, and Lumps Fort,



the miniature golf-course, and fields, on the other side, for the whole mile and a half eastward of the South Parade Pier, an attraction it truly proved. And everybody paid—even a poor scribbler like me, as my Press ticket cost me five shillings, and a shilling for a couple of programmes—so I hope the hospitals have netted a nice sum of cash. Of course, the racing was a bit of a farce, as only the comparatively slow cars were permitted to

run the mile or the kilometre—there were races at both these distances—in pairs, and the very fast Brooklands racing cars came down the course separately, trying to beat the watch held by Mr. T. D. Dutton at the finishing line. Unfortunately, the organising officials, who worked very hard, did not know enough about the cars taking part in the nine races to be able to match them up in their runs down the course so that they should look as if they were racing. But, never mind, ye gallant fellows, it all went off very well, and the Home Office, who feared all sorts of catastrophes, were disappointed. So I hope this carnival of speed will be repeated next year with improvements—one of which details will be to place the Press near the finishing line, and not half a mile away from it up the course. But as it was a carnival, nobody took the times given out very seriously, or the handicaps either, which were rather comic, yet

produced wonderfully close results for the prize-winners. In fact, in one event three cars dead-heated—on time with handicap allowances—for one race, and many of the others were very close. The successful prize-winners included Mr. J. Slaughter's 8-h.p. Talbot; Mr. C. H. Fawcett's A.V.; Mr. Lionel Martin's Aston-Martin; Mr. W. G. Barlow's 10-h.p. Fiat; Mr. P. A. Denny's 10-h.p. Calthorpe, which dead-heated with the Hon.

Victor A. Bruce's 11'9-h.p. A.C. and Raymond May's 11'9-h.p. Bugatti; Captain A. W. Brittain's 10-h.p. B.S.A.; Mr. M. L. Irving's 8-h.p. Talbot - Darracq; Mr. J. T. Sanders' 23'8-h.p. Alpine Steyr; Mr. C. G. Coe's 23'8-h.p. Vauxhall; J. A. Joyce's 11'9-h.p. A.C.; H. Kennington Moir's "Bunny" Aston-Martin; A. Frazer Nash's G.N.; M. C. Park's T. T. Vauxhall; F. C. Clement's T. T. Bentley; A. E. Keen's 11'9-h.p. Morris Cowley; E. A. D. Eldridge's 180-h.p. Isotta Fraschini; G. Bedford's Hillman; A. Barlow's Giant Benz; Count Zborowski's Chitty - Bang - Bang, which made fastest time of the day (73 miles per hour from a standing

start in a kilometre); Eric Longden's 9-h.p. Eric Longden; and Mr. James Parsley's 8-h.p. Tamplin, which won the cup in the big handicap of 42 starters with a generous start.

Over There!

The Seaside Resort Season.

It is the season—yes, it is still the season, although a number of people with unconvincingly brown complexions and travellers' tales of sunshine seen in his

respectable seaside place is stuffiness. Not quite the stuffiness of Bloemfontein Avenue, S.W.99. But a stuffiness all its own—of still leaves and thickly wooded alleys and slowly moving bath-chairs. And somewhere in a corner you will find in a tepid bath of unmoving atmosphere the Anglo-Saxon institution of a Tea Garden. It makes you want to get up and stretch to look at it. It is a place where . . . come into the next paragraph, will you? It seems so stuffy in this one.

Open-Air Amusement.

When the French sit down to amuse themselves in the open air, they put a little of the national vivacity into it. With Chinese lanterns and waiters whose dress-suits tail off (like a sort of menial mermen) into long white aprons. But there is a cheerfulness about it. One might conceivably order a liqueur there. And even the German, although he tends to

had expected you to call for Hashish. Or a chop. But if you had . . .

Mortuary Surroundings.

Then she leaves you to yourself, and you take, as they say, a look round. You are still, it would seem, in the open air. That is to say, there is no roof over your head. But they seem to have taken away the air. Perhaps they catch it all in pumps and put it into the Mineral Water to make the bubbles. Anyway, there isn't any in the Tea Garden. You seem, for one moment, to have strayed into the bottom of a disused well. Or a Morgue . . . there are horrid, dank little compartments opening off from the Garden . . . and a sound of dripping. You shake yourself, and, shaking off unpleasant thoughts, start (after twenty minutes or so) to find that your tea has come. Somewhere outside there is a faint, wailing music from a decrepit organ carried (like an ailing child) in a perambulator. Then you settle down to enjoy your tea in the merry surroundings of a British Tea Garden. All round you couples are talking in the hushed voices appropriate to their mortuary surroundings. And it will cost you (inclusive of cress) one shilling.

Subdued Horror. And that, omitting the Pier and the Flying Visit of Stafford and Brynhilde ffrench (whom you pretend, for one night only, that you have not seen bathing every day for the last three weeks), is the social zenith of an English watering place of the second class. Small wonder that large numbers of our fellow-subjects are driven one stage down in the social scale of Seaside Resorts and go somewhere where there are niggers. And shrimps for tea. And a little happiness. Because the subdued horror of a Tea Garden on familiar lines—as of a "Bournegate" conducted in an imperfectly ventilated back room—might well Drive a man to Drink. Or Worse.



WATCHING PHILIP MARVIN (MR. FRANCIS LISTER) IN HIS CRASHED AEROPLANE: INEZ (MISS DOROTHY DIX) AND OUCHITA (MISS HOPE TILDEN) IN "THE BROKEN WING."

The aeroplane crash with which the first act of "The Broken Wing" ends is the best thing of its kind ever seen on the London stage. Our photograph shows Philip Marvin (Mr. Francis Lister) as the aviator in the crashed machine on the day after his accident. He gives a remarkable performance as Philip, and contrives to make the man who has lost his memory a figure of actuality; and Mr. Thurston Hall gets a great deal of colour into his picture of the swaggering Greaser, Captain Innocencio des Santos.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

Majesty's dominions during the month of August—the season, as we were saying before that parenthesis set in—of the Seaside Resort. Perhaps the worst is over—the stage, you know, at which anxious families sleep out in bathing-machines and smiling hotel proprietors asseverate that there is nothing doing before October. But it is still on.

Graded by Cost.

And you will have noticed, in the course of your travels, that there are several varieties of it. None of them distinguishable by the simple categories of Thick and Clear—which serve so admirably in the case of mountain resorts. Or Spot and Plain—which do for the majority of their female denizens. But the seaside problem is a far more complex affair which does not admit of this simple and trenchant treatment. And you will find, on the whole, that the best classification to adopt is, following the best contemporary fashions, an economic one. Which is the solemn way of saying that the places vary according to how much it costs to stay there.

Missing the Lowest Grade.

One hesitates to cut in at the lowest stratum, where the whelk-stalls abound in the gutter and the sea is barely visible through a thick haze from its unpleasantly frying ex-denizens. But even if one eludes the utter depression of this, the lowest type of Seaside Resort which has managed to transfer the worst features of urban life to the sea-board, you will find that things are none too bright in the next grade up. The predominant note of the cheap but

blight the natural attractions of the spot with an *Aussichtsturm* or a *Bismarck Denkmal*, manages to make his Beer Garden a relatively cheerful spot.

The British Variety.

But the Tea Garden beside the British sea is a very different affair. You enter rather apologetically, and, by a venerable ritual from which no explorer has ever ventured to deviate, you ask if you can Have Some Tea. This, you will remember, is invariably done. Regardless of the fact that the word "Tea" is written up all over the premises (and message), and swings dejectedly, written on little bits of paper, from every adjacent bush. So you ask the question. With an air of mild surprise, the lady in charge assents to your unusual proposition. Rather as if she



THE GREASER GIRL WHO LIKES CLEANLINESS: INEZ (MISS DOROTHY DIX), SANTOS (MR. THURSTON HALL), AND LUTHER FARLEY (MR. ALFRED HARDING) IN "THE BROKEN WING."

"The Broken Wing," at the Duke of York's, is described as a "colourful comedy of Modern Mexico," and has for its heroine, Inez, the "Greaser" girl who longs for a "Gringo" husband—but since she cannot be sure of getting him, busies herself, in the meantime, by making her swaggering "Greaser" admirer, Captain Innocencio des Santos, as clean as a "Gringo." She greets him with soap and water whenever he enters the house.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

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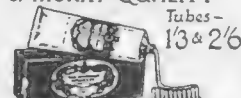


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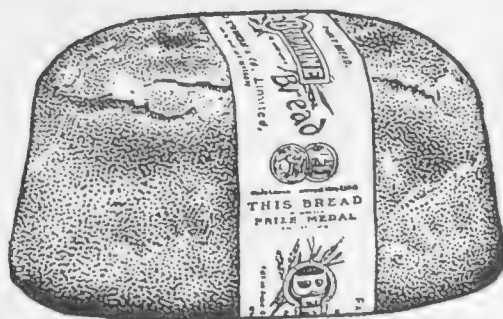
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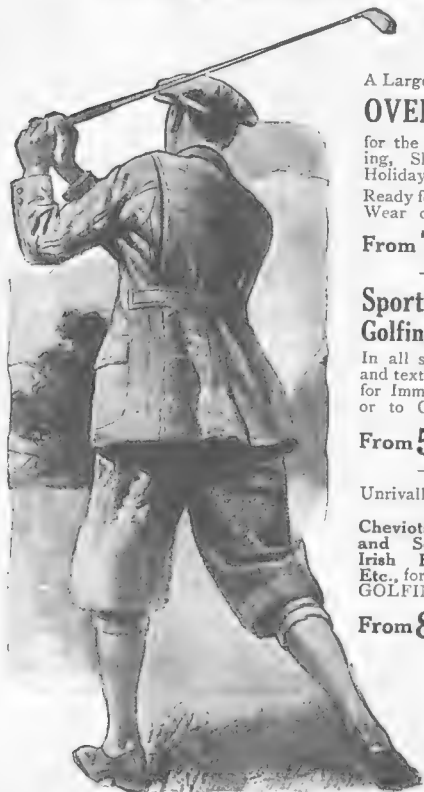
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HAT, with brim rolled up off
the face; trimmed with ribbon
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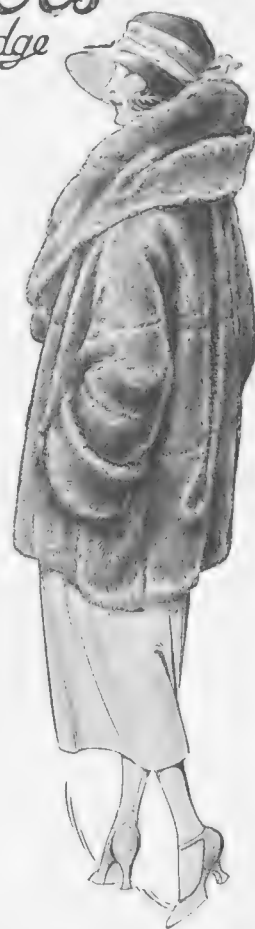
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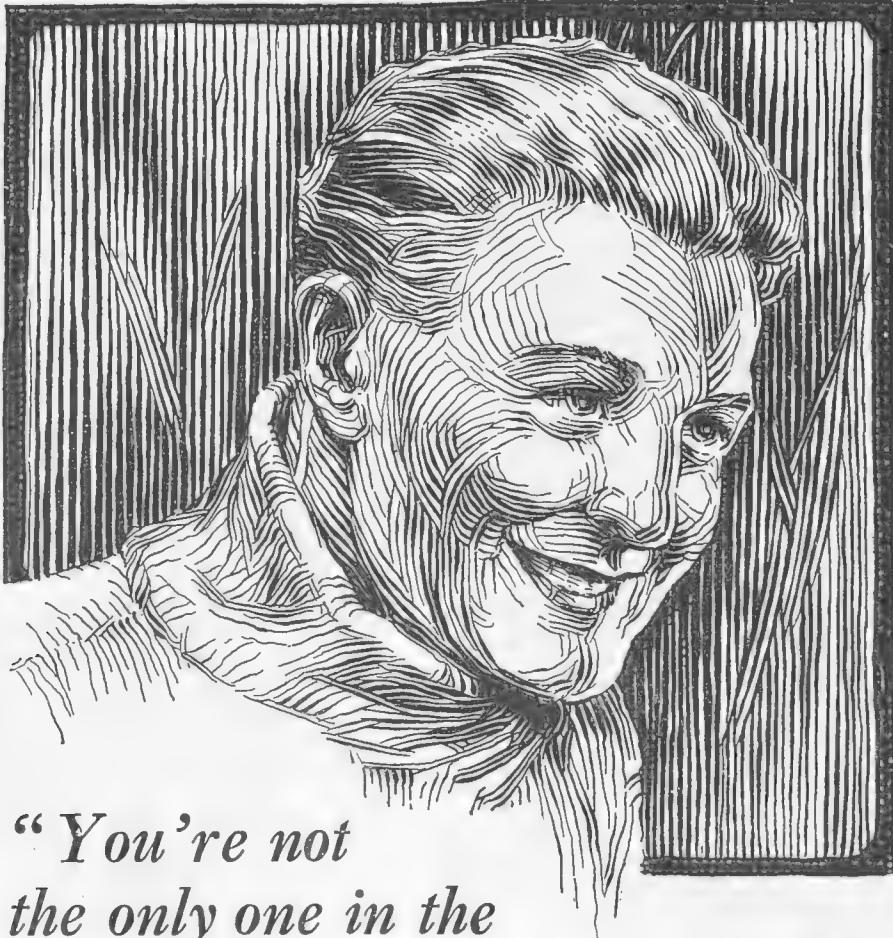
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Hey, Jimmy hand back that tin—



*“You’re not
the only one in the
Family with a sweet tooth, son!”*

“Here’s your Mother—mean to say you haven’t given her any? . . . you’re no son of mine, James.

“What . . . you’ve put half the tin on one side for Mother because you knew that when I came home I’d want nearly all? You sinner, you rascal, you . . . son of your old dad—HAND OVER THAT TIN.”

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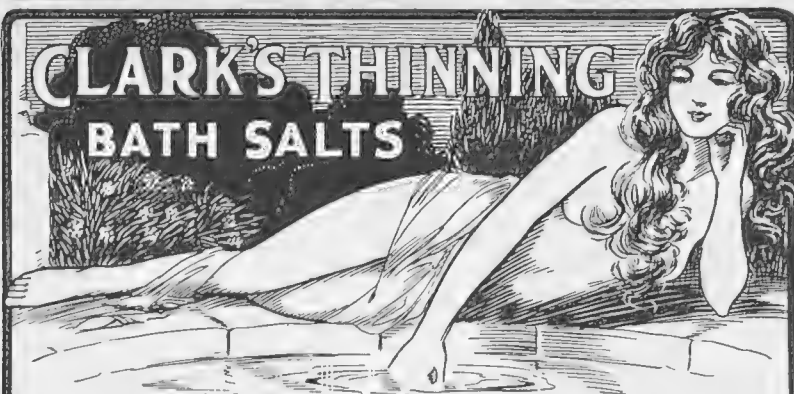
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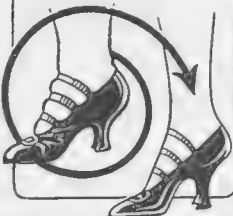
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CLARK'S REDUCING PASTE

For making thick, ugly ankles thin and beautiful again, there is nothing else so certain and quick in action.



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IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the month of September, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of our well-known quality a large number of Chiffon Velvet Teagowns, of which sketch is a typical example.

"ELLA."

Graceful TEAGOWN in rich Lyons Chiffon Velvet, which slips over the head without any fastening, is caught in at the low waist with side gaugings and self-corded belt, has the distinction of the new side trains, and is finished with self binds. In a large range of colours and black.

Popular Price 6½ Gns.

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Wonderful Value in Crêpe-de-Chine LINGERIE

This attractive and inexpensive Lingerie Set is an exact copy of a French model, and is entirely hand-made by our own workers from pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine. The cut, shape and finish are excellent.

NIGHTDRESS (as sketch) in pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine, entirely hand-made, dainty rever neck trimmed with frilled écu net, finished at waist with group of gauging and sash. In pink, sky, yellow, ivory, mauve and coral.

PRICE
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CHEMISE to match ... 29/6
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In good quality "Crêpe Velia." In ivory, sky, mauve, ochre, rose and cinnamon.

NIGHTDRESS ... 35/9

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LACE MOB BOUDOIR CAP, trimmed with ribbon bow ... 18/9

Sent on approval.

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ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, new superfine quality Felt "Sports" Hat with furry brim. Delightfully light in weight and absolutely waterproof, it is also ideal for Scotland and the Moors. With genuine game plumage mount. Mouse, badger, stone, wheat, pony grey, fawn, brown, black, navy, and white. Price 50/-

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SUNBEAM
with 5-seater
touring body,
£960

THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

AN OWNER'S OPINION.

"... Every word which you said in
recommending the car to me has been more
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of the car's all-round performance. She
moves like a greyhound, and in my opinion,
fulfils the most exacting demands . . ."

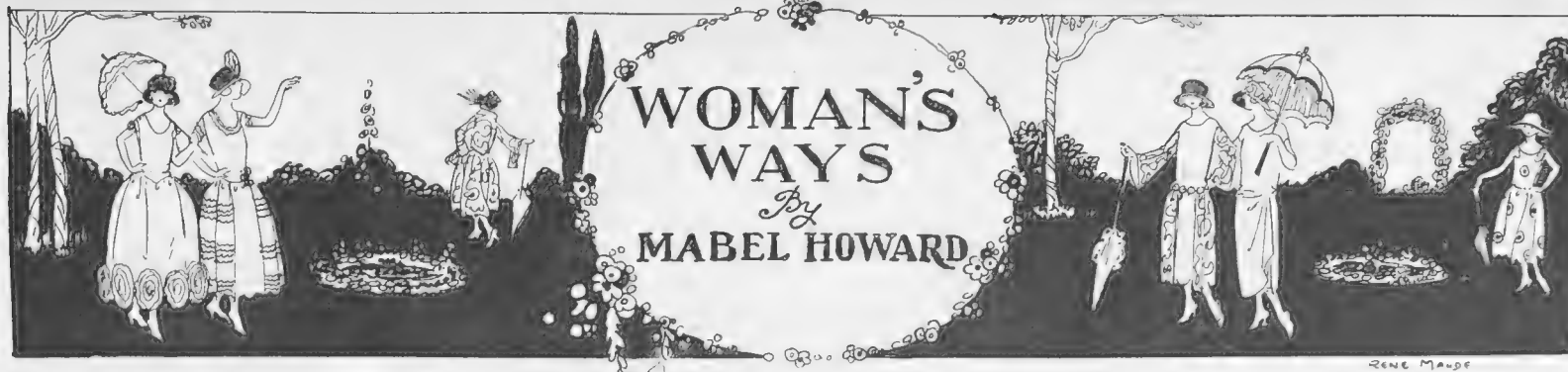
E. Stuart Richards, June 12, 1922.

Other Touring Models are:

14 h.p. 4-cyl. 4-Seater - £725
24/60 h.p. 6-cyl. 5-Seater - £1295

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.

WOLVERHAMPTON Head Office & Works Moorfield Works.
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" Northern Service & Repair Works, 288/294, Eccles New Rd., Warrington.
NEW YORK Showrooms 25, West 57th Street.



Dress Across the Footlights.

The stage is often credited with more power to control the changing phases of dress than it really possesses. The *métier* of a great actress is to portray rather than to evolve, and few modes really originate from the other side of the footlights. But though the stage follows, rather than directs, the trend



Monkey fur, face cloth, and narrow braid join forces to make this effective coat, for which Derry and Toms, High Street, Kensington, are responsible.

of Fashion, it can generally be relied on to give early and beautiful expression to the latest decree from Paris. Certainly this is the case with the lovely dresses worn in "The Dippers," the clever new farcical comedy at the Criterion. All show the latest silhouette, with the slightly raised waist and a little accentuation of the normal line; and another noticeable feature is the height of the décolletages. With the exception of Miss Binnie Hale's wonderful ballet dress—which, lovely as it is, must be considered as a glorious freak of fancy, outside the range of normal fashion—the necks of the dresses are no lower than that of the average afternoon frock.

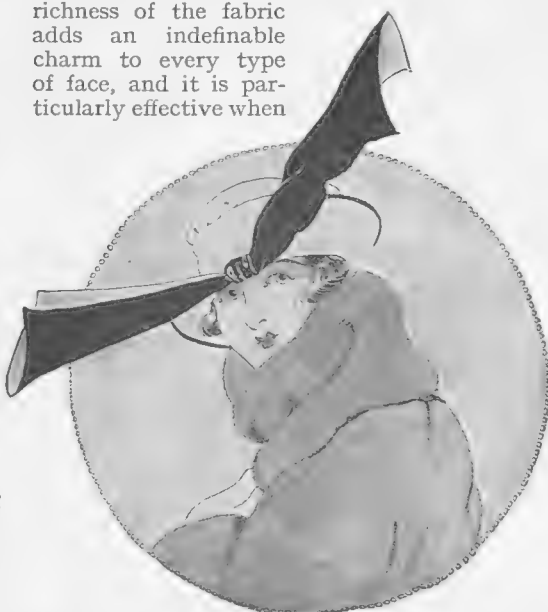
Four Notable Toilettes.

A novel arrangement of panels occurs in the striking dove-grey gown worn by Miss Ailsa Grahame. Suspended from the shoulders, these panels are lined with a contrasting shade of deep apricot, and while that on the right is looped under and round the arm in the form of a sleeve, its partner opposite remains loose, and adds a flowing, graceful line to the general effect. Another charming frock is Miss Winifred McCarthy's straight-cut powder-blue evening gown, ornamented with silvery moonlight beading on the loose side-panels and the gathering

over the hips. Nothing could really be more effective than the *négligé* worn by Miss Binnie Hale during the first act. Over the foam of lace that does duty as a skirt is draped a brilliant emerald-green wrap ornamented with silver beading. Her ballet dress of silver tissue and cascades of roses is beautiful beyond expression. One remarkable characteristic is that it boasts neither sleeves nor shoulders, being merely suspended by a necklace of roses round the throat.

Velvet Hats for Winter.

There is no doubt that velvet is one of the most becoming materials for the composition of winter hats—if, indeed, it is not the most attractive of all. The soft richness of the fabric adds an indefinable charm to every type of face, and it is particularly effective when



Everyone will agree with Derry and Toms that the front of a small grey chiffon velvet hat is an excellent site for a large black-and-grey propeller bow of the same material.

worn in conjunction with furs, preferably of a lighter tone than the hat. A charming compromise between the two decided vogues for hats that are either very large or very small is presented by the striking chiffon velvet hat sketched on this page. Though the hat itself is quite small, the propeller bow with which it is ornamented in front is of almost alarming dimensions—one might almost call it a bow ornamented by a hat. The crown and up-turned brim are carried out in a light shade of smoke-grey, with an edging of black velvet round the brim. Black and grey are both present in the bow, which is faced with one and lined with the other; and it is firmly supported by invisible wires run between the two thicknesses of the material. Three guineas is the price of this hat, and also of another delightful model composed of black velvet and built on picture-hat lines, with a deep crown and a wide, sweeping brim. From the back springs a long scarlet plume which curls attractively along the right-hand side of the brim. They have a wide selection of velvet models, in which variety of shade is matched with originality of form.

Face-Cloth and Grey Velours.

Braid, a form of ornamentation which will be extensively used this autumn, is certainly well represented on the delightful coat illustrated on the left, for which Derry and Toms, High Street, Kensington, are responsible. The coat is of black face-cloth closely covered with innumerable rows of narrow silk braid. It would be an arduous task to calculate the number of yards of this braid which must have been used in the composition of the model, but the figure must be prodigious. Fascinating loose wings fall from the back of the sleeves, and, in common with the wide square collar, are fringed with monkey fur. The belt is of self material; and the collar and cuffs, as well as the hems of the skirt and wings, are composed of the same face-cloth, on which the bands of braid run in an opposite direction. A novel method of decorating the collar and cuffs is the distinguishing feature of the smoke-grey velours coat pictured at the bottom of the page. They are formed of loops of the material arranged in close-lying rows, and picot-edged with scarlet thread. Scarlet and grey is also the colour-scheme of the attractive bead girdle, which is not attached to the coat, and is decorated at intervals with grey enamel medallions.

[Continued overleaf.]



She is wearing an attractive grey velours cloth coat from Derry and Toms, in which the collar and cuffs are composed of loops of the material picot-edged with scarlet thread.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

The Ideal Afternoon Frock.

Every woman who is searching for the ideal tea or afternoon frock—and what woman is not?—should visit Bryce's, 30, Brook Street, on the earliest opportunity, and it is quite probable

once. As it is, the delightful little cape of black crêpe marocain which hangs from the shoulders and falls in a point on the right is almost hidden in order to show the attractive black-and-white decoration in front. On the belt the pattern is produced by interwoven strands of marocain and suzette, the white material of the sleeves, which also lines the cape; but above, on the left, it is carried out in square metal discs, three of which have strayed up on to the right shoulder in the most charmingly inconsequent manner. Five-and-a-half guineas is the modest price of this frock; while four guineas can be exchanged for the lovely sleeveless frock on the right, carried out in a wonderful shade of deep sand crêpe marocain, and ornamented with roses of the same material. It is eminently suitable for dancing, bridge, or any occasion, as it is very smart and yet not a "grande toilette." It can be copied in any shade the purchaser chooses.

The Last Word in Country Clothes.

It is extraordinary how much suitability of clothing can enhance the pleasure of every occasion. Certainly this is true of the country, and the possession of a charming costume, such as the one sketched above, will ensure that the wearer extracts full enjoyment from her sojourn in the country. Elizabeth, 45, South Molton Street, who designed the original of the illustration, has selected an amber-and-black frieze wool mixture, delightfully soft and light in texture, for the composition of the plain circular cape, and the simple slip-on dress, ornamented on both sides of the cross-over bodice and on the sleeves with broad bands of black, white, and terra-cotta stripes. The two low-placed buttons of the cape occur again towards the hem of the skirt, and the belt that encircles the waist is a thin leather strap. To wear with this costume, Elizabeth has originated an effective silver-grey velveteen sporting hat which is stitched in curled leaf patterns over the crown; and she has many charming models suitable for both town and country wear, two of which are illustrated on this page. Jade-green velvet makes the small toque with the large bow posed on the right-hand side. The brim, ornamented by stitching, widens considerably in a triangular form as it approaches the front, and the upper edge finally doubles in and disappears between the crown and the outer side of the brim. The other model is composed of black monchon felt, a silky, long-haired variety of this useful material; and the brim is slit open and looped back to produce a fascinating bi-cornered effect.

Variety in Blouses.

An innovation which will add considerably to the perennial charm of the blouse is the slip-on shirt, of which Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, have many charming examples. They are within the reach of even the woman of very moderate means, as the prices are most reasonable. Instead of the usual button fastening, this new style is designed to slip on over the head, and is provided with a little detachable vest which fastens to the underside of the revers. One effective model is carried out in heavy cream-coloured crêpe-de-Chine with a striped collar, cuffs, and vest; and in another the vest is edged only with the colour prevailing in the collar and cuffs. Delightful waistcoat blouses, expressed in plain or striped silk or crêpe-de-Chine, may be seen in the blouse

department; and it would seem that the influence of these hybrid creations has affected one attractive blouse of striped ivory crêpe-de-Chine with leanings in the waistcoat direction, for the revers, instead of disappearing discreetly at the waist-line, insist on prolonging their freedom, and hang down in points over the skirt.

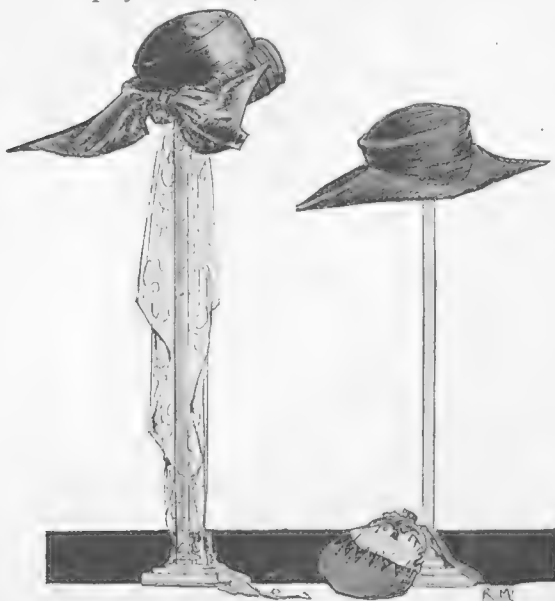
The Attractions of Eve.

A faint, delicate scent of roses as one enters the room! There is something infinitely alluring about being greeted on the threshold by the scarcely perceptible perfume that pervades the salons of Mme. Elizabeth Eve, 55, Berners Street. As the originator of the famous facial exercise system, her name is so



Crêpe marocain is the foundation of both these lovely frocks from Bryce's, 30, Brook Street; but whereas one is carried out in black relieved by white suzette sleeves, the other is of a deep sand-tint throughout.

that she will find in their salons the dress she has dreamed of and never attained, for the beautiful models, of which they have a wide selection, are not only excellent in cut, colour-harmony, and material, but they are also remarkable for their cheapness. The black crêpe marocain model illustrated here is so really charming from every aspect that it is a pity one cannot see the two sides at



A jade-green velvet toque, with a bi-cornered neighbour of black monchon felt. Sketched at Elizabeth's.



An amber-mixture costume designed for a lover of the country by Elizabeth, South Molton Street.

well known as to need no further introduction, but the tribute of a few words of praise must be paid to her really wonderful toilet accessories. Fragrant vanishing cream, faintly scented with roses, as are all her preparations, may be had for 2s. 9d. a pot, made up to suit dry, medium, or greasy skins, and forms an excellent foundation for her Poudre de Roses Dorées, a finely sifted face-powder, in shades to suit all complexions. Another delightful vanishing cream is the Elizabeth Eve hand-cream, which will, if used frequently, keep the hands soft and white under the most unfavourable conditions, and, in addition, has the excellent attribute of being neither

(Continued on page xii.)



Gives Perfection to the Complexion

NOTHING EQUALS REGESAN CREAM for preserving and beautifying the skin and complexion. It has a definite tonic-action that is wonderfully refreshing, and a little applied to the face, neck and hands, acts as an admirable protection against the adverse effects of sun, wind and weather.

REGESAN CREAM is pure and emollient and does not encourage hair growth. It frees the pores of the skin from dust, and takes away blemishes.

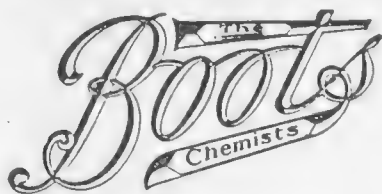
Indispensable for the out-door girl and those who require a toilet preparation *better* than the average.

LADIES will find in the Toilet Department of **BOOTS The Chemists** every hygienic requisite that science has perfected for the preservation and care of the hair, the teeth, the skin and complexion.

Regesan Cream

1/9 and 1/- per pot.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL BRANCHES OF



Over 100 Branches in London area.

Over 600 Branches throughout the Country.

Chief London Branches:

182 Regent Street, W.1 :: 118 Edgware Road, W.2
115 New Bond Street, W.1.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

R.C.2



The Same Look

the same Lustre, Loveliness, Tone, Radiance and Symmetry as genuine Oriental Pearls; the same Sheen, Texture, Weight, Size and Lasting Qualities; the same Naturalness, so that when worn with real pearls it is impossible to distinguish one from the other. The only reproductions of the genuine deep-sea pearl possessing all these essential qualities are

Ciro Pearls

They are real pearls in everything but origin and name. They differ only in their price. A delighted wearer wrote recently: "I would like to tell you that my pearls were mistaken for real ones by a lady who has a £400 row herself and her mother a £10,000 necklace."

As the Editor of "TRUTH" says: "They are as wonderful in their way as the product of the oyster-shell itself and just as beautiful."

Yet in spite of such testimony and the established reputation CIRO PEARLS have attained, we are willing that you should judge for yourself the delicacy of tint and texture and flawless fidelity of these remarkable reproductions. If you come to our Showrooms your own eyes will convince you, or if you cannot, avail yourself of

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a necklet of *Ciro Pearls*, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, earrings, or any other *Ciro Pearl Jewel* in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. *Ciro Pearl Necklets* may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 5 post free on application.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 5

Our Showrooms are on the first floor, over Lloyds Bank. Near Piccadilly.

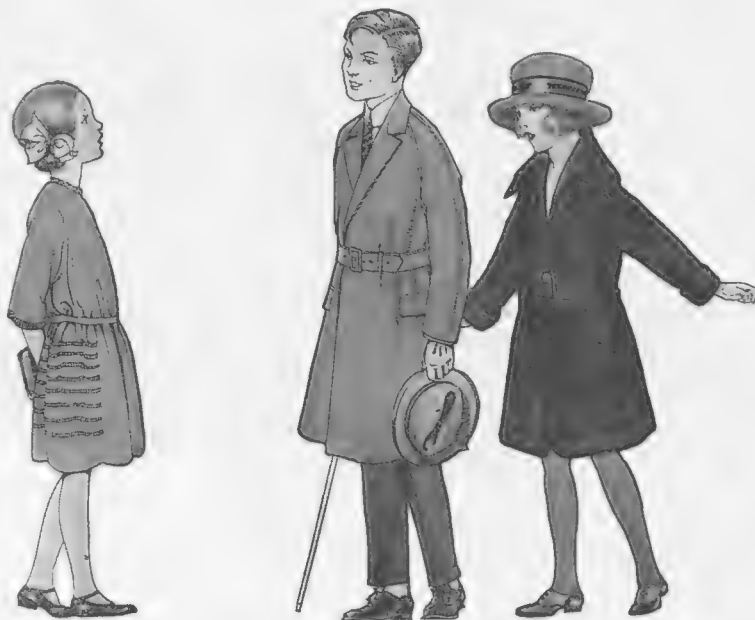
WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

sticky nor greasy. It may be had for 2s. a pot, while 5s. 9d. is the price of her radium cream—a remarkable skin-food, guaranteed to contain pure radium, which stimulates and invigorates the skin with the most beneficial results. Cleansing cream-of-roses, rose-scented bath salts, soap, and after-bath dusting powder, and a splendid tonic lotion for cleaning the skin and closing open pores are some of the attractive Elizabeth Eve preparations which will be sent post free to any address.

Everything for School Use. It seems inevitable that the purchasing of school equipment for the autumn term should be left to the last possible minute. In spite of many good resolutions to prepare beforehand, the end of the holidays is well in sight before the question of outfit is seriously considered, and then follows a rush, in order to be ready in time. By far the better plan is to put the matter into the hands of Samuel Brothers, of Oxford Circus and Ludgate Hill, the well-known juvenile outfitters, who are responsible for the school frock and the overcoats illustrated on this page. Their school equipment is absolutely reliable, as the garments are made from their own "Wear Resisting" fabrics, a variety of

good materials which will stand hard wear indefinitely without becoming shabby; and their prices are remarkably moderate when

59s. 9d. for a nine-year-old girl. The Belter overcoat for boys may be had in fine West of England tweeds and cheviot overcoatings, from 70s. in the small sizes; and the navy-blue coat worn by the little girl on the right costs 49s. 6d. for a size suitable for a child of seven. It is carried out in thick blanket cloth, and is delightfully soft and warm. Complete equipments, including everything that could possibly be required for school use, are supplied from 25 guineas upwards; and Samuel Brothers have an excellent system of duplicate perforated lists, one of which can be sent with the clothes, while the other is kept at home as a reference.



School equipment from Samuel Brothers', Oxford Circus and Ludgate Hill, is always the last word in suitability and youthful smartness.

the excellence of the workmanship is taken into consideration. The navy-blue gabardine frock on the left is ornamented with rows of pleated silk braid, and is priced from

Bond Street has not in the past been remarkable for its illuminated advertisements, but it has just been decorated with the prettiest and most artistic electric-light signs imaginable, in the form of two long, shimmering strings of "Ciro" pearls, which now shed their brilliance down the street, each gem radiating a dazzling circle of light. These new illuminated signs are situated at the Piccadilly end of the thoroughfare, and have been attracting a good deal of attention during the last week.

Telegrams:
"TOUPETCHIC,"
Sowest, London.

Maison Georges
40, BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON S.W.1

Telephones:
VICTORIA 5944.
VICTORIA 2648.

THE HOUSE WITH THE UNRIVALLED REPUTATION FOR EXCLUSIVE HAIR WORK PRODUCTIONS



La Naturelle
Transformation Ensures a Youthful Appearance.

TOUPET from 5 Guineas.
FULL TRANSFORMATION
from 12 Guineas.

WRITE for CATALOGUE DE LUXE, send for Appro. Selection, or call and interview Mons. GEORGES, the Pioneer of the Natural Parting, who has no superior in the art of producing Natural Transformations.

(The "Times" system of Instalments is available.)

FASCINATING FREESIA.



Yardley's
Perfume of **Freesia**

The essence of the delicious Freesia Flower.

A perfume of rare beauty and charm, it adds to the Toilette a note of refinement and elegance.

PRICES: Perfume, 5/., 8/6, 11/6, 17/6; Powder, 3/3; Face Cream, 1/9; Bath Salt Tablets, 3/- per dozen.



By Appointment

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from

YARDLEY & CO., Ltd.,
8, New Bond Street, London, W.1.



Bad Luck or Bad Judgment?

- SIR EDWARD: "Poor old Dejernais had bad luck."
 LORD BOB: "Oh, in what way?"
 SIR EDWARD: "Why, he backed a horse at five points over market price and it won—and broke his 'Bookie'."
 THE COLONEL: "Well, I don't call that bad luck—I call it bad judgment. How can any man be such a . . . ! . . . ! . . . ! enough to bet with bookmakers of doubtful stability? If he does, and gets stung, he's only himself to blame. The very fact that a man has to offer over market price in order to get business is warning enough for me."
 SIR EDWARD: "Yes, I consider that argument is quite sound. Personally, all my turf business is done with 'Duggie'—it has been so for years with absolute satisfaction. Cash on the nail, market price to a penny, and no queries."
 LORD BOB: "I'll get in touch with 'Duggie' right away. Heard so much about him, and when you find the leading newspapers so enthusiastically praising him, as 'Tattenham,' 'Robin Good-fellow,' etc., do, there *must* be a good reason. . . . Yes, I must open a credit account with him."

Douglas Stuart
 New Oxford St., London. W.C.1

NOCTURNE.

BY HOLLOWAY HORN.

Author of "The Circle of God" and "Tyranny."

THE man switched off the light over his desk and passed from his silent house into the moonlit world. His wife—sane and practical, in all respects a most excellent wife—was asleep.



FORMERLY MISS JOAN BERRILL: MRS. CRUICE GOODALL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON SEPTEMBER 5.

The marriage of Miss Joan Berrill, only daughter of Mrs. Arthur Berrill, and of the late Mr. Arthur Berrill, of Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, the well-known Imperial publishers, to Mr. Cruice Goodall, of Liverpool, took place at the village church of Our Lady of Mussel, yesterday (September 5).—[Photo. Savony.]

He passed over the old grey bridge and turned into the path by the river. The Thames was smiling in the moonlight; he watched the silver laughter ripple across it.

In most men's lives are two women—the wife and the memory. The memory properly belongs to the past—and sometimes to those moonlit nights when the world is quiet. On such a night she may be so vivid that the everyday life around one becomes unreal in comparison.

The man came to the seat a few yards from the water's edge, where so often he had sat with—her. Irritably he flung the match with which he had lit his pipe into the river. The tiny splutter increased the merriment of the laughing water.

The whole thing was ridiculous.

If he had had any sense, he told himself, he would have drawn his chair to the fire and read, when he found that he could not work.

It had been just as if something—someone—had called him out of the quiet routine of his life into the mocking moonlight.

The rippling water called her name softly.

It was the essence of folly. His pipe had gone out, too.

His nerves were playing tricks with him. It required a conscious effort to drag his gaze from the ancient river to where Richmond Hill bulked mystically in the moonlight, blue-grey and vague. When at last he had done so, the soft outlines of the hill breathed her name to him; the pearl-grey distance mirrored the colour of her eyes. The witchery of the night—the moonlight and the silence—contrived to torture him—to bring back a hundred maddening little intimacies: the warm touch of her lips on his, the scent of her hair, the faint huskiness of her voice.

Something in the man, something vague and instinctive, responded to the infinite suggestion of the night, something which had

no part in the successful, matter-of-fact man who postured so successfully before the world. He no longer fought against the avalanche of impressions. His imagination rather went out to welcome and glean the memories that thronged the night.

He was not in the least surprised when the woman in his thoughts stepped out of the moonlight. Or possibly it was out of one of the shadows. He did not see her face as she passed, nor had need to, for some sense in him, which all men possess, but which has no name, told him that it was she.

She waited for him at the bend beyond

[Continued overleaf.]



THE NEW TROPHY OF THE ETON O.T.C.: WON THIS YEAR BY MR. E. V. SLATER'S HOUSE SECTION.

This statuette represents a Cadet Sergeant of the Eton O.T.C., and has been presented by a former Cadet Officer to replace the Cup originally given in 1892, and which was won outright by Mr. R. H. de Montmorency's house section. The model was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.1.



THAT'S the time, when the rod bends like a willow, and the reel spins off yard after yard of line—and, in the luncheon basket, a good supply of

"Red Tape"
(TRADE MARK)
The Whisky

Life does really seem good then, amidst the sweet air and wild picturesqueness of the loch or river.

Sole Proprietors:

BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS.,
GLASGOW, ———— Scotland.

WOLSELEY

The "WOLSELEY" PROGRAMME FOR 1923

THE REMARKABLE SUCCESS which has attended the comprehensive Wolseley policy has been the most striking feature of the past motoring season. The great demand for Wolseley cars has enabled the Company to embark on a still wider programme of production and standardisation, with the result that they are able to make very substantial **Reductions in Prices**, whilst maintaining, and even increasing, the **quality of Wolseley products**.

During the past year the soundness of Wolseley standard construction has been abundantly proved by long-distance **Record-breaking tests** at Brooklands, in the strenuous **Six-days Scottish Trial**, and still more so in the real test of everyday use by hosts of Wolseley owners, who enthusiastically testify to their remarkable combination of desirable qualities.

In comfort, in road performance, and in running economy, **every Wolseley Model is the LEADER in its Class.**

PRICES.

These Prices will rule from Sept. 1st, 1922.

The Wolseley Seven.

Two-seater - - - £255

The Wolseley Ten.

Two-seater, *Specification A* - £380

" " " *B* - £355

Four-seater, *Specification A* - £425

" " " *B* - £400

Sporting Model - - - £610

Two-seater Coupé, *Fixed Head* £550

" " " *Folding Head* £590

The Wolseley Fourteen.

Touring Car - - - £525

The Wolseley Fifteen.

Four-seater Touring Car - £660

Five-seater " " - £725

Seven-seater " " - £825

Two-seater " " - £675

The Wolseley Fifteen—contd.

Sporting Model - - - £795

Single Landaulette - - - £895

Saloon—to seat four - - - £895

Two-seater Coupé - - - £895

Four-seater Coupé - - - £975

Town Carriage - - - £1050

The Wolseley Twenty.

Touring Car de Luxe "C" - £995

" " " "D" - £1095

Sporting Model de Luxe - £1095

Landaulette de Luxe - - - £1275

Limousine de Luxe - - - £1300

Four-seater Coupé de Luxe - £1250

The Wolseley 24/30 h.p.

Town Landaulette de Luxe - £1500

Touring Landaulette de Luxe - £1450

Saloon Limousine de Luxe - £1575

Dunlop Tyres fitted as standard.

Write us for Catalogue No. 16, post free.

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM.

(Proprietors: Vickers Limited)

London Showrooms: WOLSELEY HOUSE, 157, Piccadilly, W.

Indian Depot: Sandhurst Bridge Road, Chaupatty, Bombay.

Continued.]

the trees where they used to meet years—a thousand years—before; she turned towards him as he came up, holding her head a little on one side, just as he knew she would.

He did not speak.

Once again, after the barren years, he was looking into her eyes. All the old tearing emotions were surging in his soul, the old rapture and the pain.

"Why have you come back?" he cried, and called her by the name which was always in his heart.

She smiled; the same slow smile which seemed as old as the world—and for long seconds she watched him in silence.

"So you remember that other night when we stood here in the moonlight?" There was an exultation beyond his understanding in her words, a fervency in her husky voice.

"More clearly than I remember any night."

She started at the bitterness in his words.

"Why did you not write the book you talked of then, the book we had *lived* together?" she asked gently, her grey eyes anxiously on his.

"Because we lived it—together," he said brokenly. "The books which are not written are the ghosts of dead loves—sacred, part of a man's soul."

She turned from him with a little hopeless gesture that he remembered across the years, but as suddenly came back to him again.

"And the books that *are* written?" she asked, with a touch of the old irony.

He was silent. In the calm, disillusioning moonlight he could not speak of the work which had brought him fame.

"But do not let us talk of books," she went on. "Talk of ourselves—you and me." It was as if she had read his thoughts and had spoken out of her infinite tenderness.

"I feel"—his mind sought the explanatory word—"isolated, to-night—remote."

"I know," she said, almost in a whisper.

"A man and a woman in a silent night," he went on; she gathered the meaning of his allusion with the quick, gleaming insight of a woman.

"The world was made for a man and a woman," she said quietly, her eyes still on his. "All the books that were ever written contain no more than that—a man and a woman."

Suddenly, he could no longer stand the tension which was gripping him, and he called her name aloud.

"I have no name in the moonlight," she rebuked him with that sudden dropping of the voice he knew so well. "I have no name to-night, I am a woman—"

Her eyes held him willing captive as she spoke, and in them he found the mystic look which he had seen there once before—the night he had seen her last—the look which haunts the women of Luini, that gentlest of painters. Often he had stood in dim Florentine galleries attempting to fathom the meaning of the look, but it had eluded him, as such things always do before the passion of youth has burnt to the ashes of wisdom. But in the magic moonlight the meaning was made clear for him. She swayed a little towards him as he looked deep down through the grey gates of her soul, and once again, after all the dead years, she was in his arms.

He felt her hair on his face, sensed the faint perfume of her hair; the maddening touch of her soft lips. Her eyes were closed.

A passing cloud dimmed the moon, and around the two—the man and the woman—the shadows deepened into darkness. All was silent save for the soft soothing noises of the night. From somewhere in the meadows

across the water came the harsh call of a night bird.

But in a little while the moon was outlining with silver the edge of the solemn cloud, and soon the night was tinted with a brightening grey; gradually, almost imperceptibly, the mocking laughter crept back across the water.

And on the seat by the river the man was still sitting, gazing ahead at the twinkling water, his pipe cold in his hand. [THE END.]

The new premises of Messrs. Hedges and Butler, the famous firm of wine merchants, are one of the features of the rebuilt Regent Street, and are a fine example of modern commercial architecture. The house of Hedges and Butler is one of the historic firms of London, as it was founded at Hungerford Street in 1667, the year after the Great Fire, and the business has been continued ever since that date by members of the same family and during the reigns of twelve ruling Sovereigns. The new building has cellars stretching from Regent Street to New Burlington Street, Savile Row, and Heddon Street—all full of the choicest vintage wines. Some of these cellars are a hundred years old, and are held under different leases. The new Tasting Room contains old ledgers and relics dating from 1667, and has tables and chairs made from the oak posts which supported the doors at Hungerford Street. The Commemoration Stone has just been sealed with cement, and contained a "cache" of considerable extent, consisting of newspapers of the day, Aug. 29; weekly papers, including copies of *The Sketch* and the *Illustrated London News*; a gold sovereign and half-sovereign, a £5 note, a £1 and 10s. Treasury note, and the current price-lists of the firm.

The Name that is a Signature

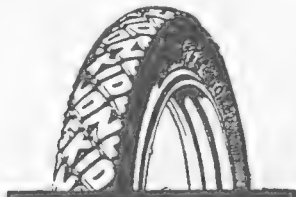
LONG before motor transport had attained its present magnitude, the first Firestone tyre was built with Faith in the future of the industry, and in the part which rubber tyres were destined to play therein.

And the name Firestone on the tyre is a pledge of responsibility for present values and a guarantee that Firestone quality will always be upheld.

This pledge of "Most Miles per Shilling" is progressive. Every year Firestone quality mounts higher and higher.

As a standard of comparison in tyre values, "Most Miles per Shilling" will always be the main issue, because it means that your money, when spent on Firestones, will buy the known limit of safe, comfortable and economical riding

"Most Miles per Shilling"



Fabric

Firestone

FIRESTONE TYRE & RUBBER Co. (1922) Ltd.,
216, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.
Telephone: Museum 1915.

SCOTTISH DEPOTS:

Davidson St., Dalmarnock, Glasgow
83, Holburn Street, Aberdeen.
1, Port Hamilton, Edinburgh.

IRISH DEPOTS:

184, Gt. Brunswick St., Dublin.
3, Brunswick Street, Belfast.
24, Strand Road, Londonderry.

There's worth in Kenilworth

The "Kenilworth" crop now being used has developed magnificently in store, and is making the finest Virginians procurable to-day at any price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/6 for 20; 3/8 for 50; 7/4 for 100.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LONDON & LIVERPOOL



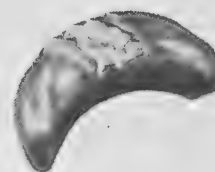
Maison Lyons CHOCOLATES

Are the first choice of the connoisseur. There are nearly a hundred different centres to choose from, each with a charm of its own, and each with a covering of velvety smoothness **4/-lb.**

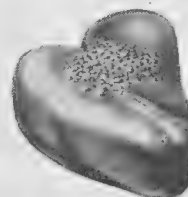
SOLD BY MOST HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS, THEATRES AND CINEMAS.

SOLD IN THE SALONS AT MAISON LYONS, 370, OXFORD STREET, LYONS' CORNER HOUSE, STRAND CORNER HOUSE, MAISON LYONS, 211, REGENT STREET & SHAFTESBURY AVENUE.

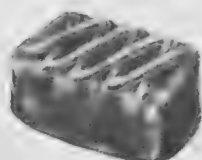
J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., London, W.



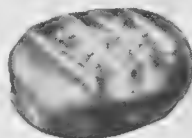
ROSE CREAM



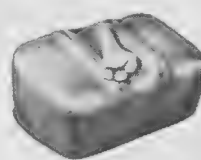
CARAMELINE



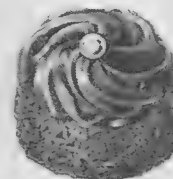
BISCUITINE



PALAIS DE DAME



NOUGAT CANACHE



MONTMORENCY

ATTRACTIVE Crêpe-de-Chine BLOUSES At Special Prices

This attractive and useful Blouse is made by our own workers from good quality Crêpe-de-Chine. It is cut on full and becoming lines, and is a most useful garment for present wear.

PRACTICAL BLOUSE (as sketch) in good quality Crêpe-de-Chine, well-fitting collar cut to form a long line, finished at ends with tiny tucks; tucked pieces let in each side of front to form an effective finish. In ivory, navy, black, nigger, flesh and a variety of colours. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

SPECIAL PRICE

29/6

**FANCY RIBBED
WOOLLEN HOSE**
(as sketch)

made from soft good-wearing yarn in good tweed mixture colourings.

Price

23/11 per pair.



**Debenham
& Freebody**
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W. 1



Sent on approval.

WHY WAIT FOR OLYMPIA

when we are giving the public the advantage of 1923 Reduced Prices—NOW?



The Overland British
Built All-weather
Touring Car **£365**

British Built Model All-weather Touring Car	£365
British Built Model, 2/3 Seater, with double dickey	£350
Sedan	£395
Three-quarter Landulet	£495
All-weather Model (Gwynne)	£465
Standard Model Touring Car	£268
Traveller's Brougham	£290
Van	£240
Chassis, Pleasure (de Luxe)	£255
Chassis, Pleasure (Standard)	£230
Chassis, Commercial (Standard)	£200

All ex-works.

Reduced Prices effective Sept. 1st, 1922.

CONVINCING EVIDENCE OF OVERLAND ECONOMY AND RELIABILITY

is contained in the latest Royal Automobile Club Certificate. Facsimile copies of the R. A. C. Certificates, showing Overland performance on both road and track, will be forwarded on request.

Write for descriptive literature and name of nearest Agent.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY, LTD.

British Factory and Sales Department: HEATON CHAPEL, STOCKPORT

Showrooms:
151/153 Great Portland St., London, W. 1

London Service Depot:
111 Lots Road, King's Road, Chelsea

THE CHASSIS has Light Weight with Ample Power; a Patent System of Springing and Magneto Ignition. Result—Economy in Petrol, Oil and Tyres. THE BODY has English Coachwork, Real Leather Upholstery and rigid All-weather Side Curtains. All conducive to comfort and convenience. THE EQUIPMENT includes complete Electric Lighting and Starting Set, with Six Lamps; Spare Rim and Tyre; Tool Kit and Spares. The whole Car is built at our own Factory.

The Overland
Standard
Touring Car **£268**

is the cheapest five-seated Family Car on the market, weatherproof and completely equipped at the extraordinary price of £268. Combines comfort and economy.



Photographs by Elwin Neame.

"I am delighted with 'Stewart' Permanent Waving!"

This is the opinion of the lady whose photographs are shown above, and the same may be said by every lady who has had her hair Permanently Waved by the "Stewart" method. Besides introducing several new and original features, "Stewart" Permanent Waving embraces all the good points of other methods, eliminating their weaknesses. It remoulds the hair, turning it from straightness to a natural waviness that is truly exquisite. A consultation on the subject brings neither cost nor obligation.

Ask for our Illustrated "Permanent Waving" Booklet, free and post free.

J. Stewart Ltd

Hair Specialists and Wig Makers.

80, NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: 1721 Mayfair.

Also at Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dundee.

Harvey Nichols

of Knightsbridge

Smart & Distinctive Knitted Suit for Autumn Wear

Knitted Woollen Suit (as sketch), made of super quality yarn knitted in a fine stitch, and trimmed imitation Astrakhan wool in a contrasting colour. Very becoming and made in good range of Autumn shades.

PRICE

6 Gns.

Super quality mercerised **Liste Hose**, fully fashioned, specially strengthened feet, excellent in wear, and having a very silky appearance, embroidered silk clox. In Black, White, Silver, Grey, Putty, Coating, Mole, Nigger, Tan, and Brown. Per pair **6/6**



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.

INEXPENSIVE CRÉPE-DE-CHINE NIGHTGOWN

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the month of September, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of our well-known quality, a large number of inexpensive Crêpe-de-Chine Sets, of which sketch is a typical example.

Inexpensive NIGHTDRESS in good quality Crêpe-de-Chine; the neck and sleeves are scalloped with contrasting or self-colourings, outlined hemstitching, and finished hand-embroidered design. In pink, ivory, sky, mauve, lemon, flame

Price **29/6**

Chemise to match ... **21/9**
Knickers to match ... **21/9**

In pure silk Triple Ninon, in ivory and pink.

Nightgown ... Price **39/6**

Chemise ... **27/6**

Knickers ... **27/6**

Cami-knicker in Crêpe-de-Chine to match. Price **29/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1



Sent on approval.

1822

THE RESULT OF EXPERIENCE.

These Hats can be obtained from our Provincial Agents.

After many experiments and practical tests extending over a considerable period, HENRY HEATH, Ltd., have at last devised an ALL-WEATHER HAT that they can thoroughly recommend to their Clientele. It is simple in design, durable in texture and extremely becoming; it has wonderful rain-resisting qualities and retains its shape under all conditions. The flexible brim can be adjusted to suit the wearer and it will roll up small for travelling. It does not spot and will look smart and fresh in any weather.



105, 107, 109,
Oxford Street,
LONDON

— and —
BRANCHES.

A thoroughly satisfactory ALL-WEATHER HAT at last

A Selection of Hats will be forwarded upon request.

1922

The Hat is made in seven different head fittings, sizes from 6½ to 7½.

Stocked in navy, champagne, lemon, egg blue, cherry, mauve, rose, jade, myrtle, light green, grey, tabac, castor, carbon, gold, rust, royal, cerise, white and black.

The "Heather" Hat
Regd



30/-

Thomas R. K. Smith, Ltd., ABERDEN
Madame Kate Douglas, ALDERSHOT
H. Dennett & Son, ALTRINCHAM
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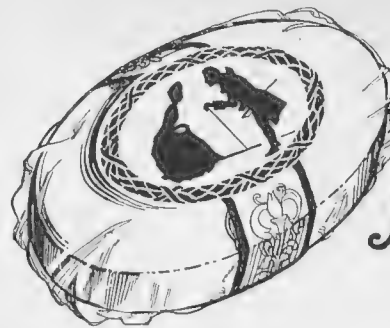
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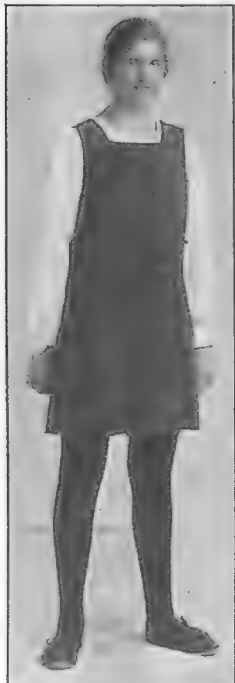
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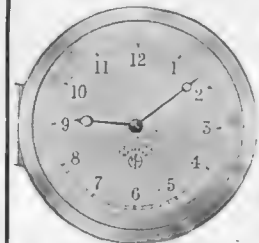
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THE LIGHTS OF PARIS.

Wireless. The craze for wireless is swiftly spreading—so much so that the Concours Lépine has this year opened a wireless section in its annual exhibition. The Concours Lépine, started by the Prefect of Police of that name for the benefit of small inventors, was formerly almost exclusively devoted to the display of ingenious toys. This year's innovation is the place given to the new kind of amusement for grown-ups and children as well—wireless.

Listening In. It shows the inventive minds of the French. The *petits inventeurs* have been steadily at work, and they offer the enthusiastic buyers many ingenious patterns for "broadcasting" which have the original quality of being cheap. There are small portable receiving sets that you can carry on holiday rambles. Picnic wireless parties! That's the last word of Fashion! The big shops are giving wireless concerts, and the restaurants are following suit. Shopping or dining, you can't escape the new craze.

Weather and Prices. The number of listeners-in is increasing every day. Three times a day they are told what the weather is going to be. What a boon! Madame will not have to watch the sky anxiously and try to decipher its mysteries. Three times a day she will be told what kind of a dress the weather permits. She will also be able to dispute with her green-grocer about the price of vegetables, as every day the Halles prices are "broadcasted." She is told the price of pears at Covent Garden, and in what condition they arrive in Paris. And information is given as to the abundance of plums on the market. When all this

utilitarian "broadcasting" is ended, the Tour Eiffel treats her devotees to a concert, thus finishing the day artistically.

For the Bald! The bald have been the first to start the craze. They have heard that nothing is more favourable to the growth of hair than Hertzian waves! And to confirm this information they have observed that all the employés of Wireless are Samsons. Here was salvation! They could not but rush with enthusiasm for this pleasant remedy. But won't it mean the ruin of the capillary artists? The Marcells and other exponents of "waving" (we have just celebrated the jubilee of the invention) tell us that wireless keeps the hair in curl!

Midget Marvels. The attention of the visitor to the Concours Lépine in the Champ de Mars is not entirely monopolised by wireless. He has many interesting things to see in the spacious halls. The light of day falls softly and agreeably through the azure-blue striped awnings upon the long tables, also draped in blue, loaded with the thousand wonders due to the ingenuity of the small manufacturers and inventors.

Green Rosette. We appear to be going through a season of innovations. Midinettes, dactylos, and other marriageable *demoiselles* have invented the green rosette. The green rosette is a symbol and a declaration. Without departing from her modesty, the Parisian maiden has thus found the way of telling that she is looking for her soul-mate. The marriage crisis is severely felt by girls of to-day. They may meet in the street or in the Métro the man of their choice, but in all decency they cannot address him. On the other hand, a young man might meet a pretty *demoiselle*. But how can he

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"Both likely to sink?"

"Don't say that," The Broker entreated. "Russians don't pay any interest, so there's more chance for them than for German Threes, upon which you do get coupons—cashed in marks."

"China $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. 1898 Bonds at 85—annual drawings at 100—are the stuff for men to buy in the Foreign Market."

"And another jolly decent $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock is Siemens Debenture, about 91. That's being paid off by degrees, every year, at 100, and the security is first-rate."

"I've been putting a good many people into the Brazil $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. at 101 $\frac{1}{4}$ and thereabouts," said The Broker.

"After our foreign alarms and excursions," observed The Engineer, "I'm inclined to plump for the War Loan and Royal Mail $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Preference. This Franco-German affair has dried up all the speculative fever that romped through my veins."

"Safety first," quoth The Merchant.

"Still, we all like a dash of risk in our stocks, and I can't be content—however much I want to be—with the War Loan and Consols. Can't do it—not for toffee."

"Have you tried Mackintosh's?" The Jobber asked. "Get the kids to give you some. If that doesn't suit, switch off on to the mackintosh, and borrow my Aquascutum."

"You seem to be talking rot," said The Broker accurately. "What has all this to do with marks? Or Germany? Or France?"

"The world is mine oyster," was the calm reply. "Would you like a piece of Shell?"

"A gallon or two would be more useful."

"And the shares?"

"Oh, Shells are all right to keep. Don't you worry about them. If the price goes down, a little Coué treatment will soon revive your fainting spirits."

"It's anomalous, you know, but the more spirits go down, the more Buchanan Preference will go up."

"That's another good investment—the shares, I mean," The Broker explained. "Seven-and-a-half per cent. at 23s., and safe as you can get."

"They tell me to buy West Springs and Robinson Deep 'B,'" remarked The Merchant. "Know anything about them?"

"Should say you might do a lot better,"

and The Jobber pulled out his cigarette-case.

"Rob. Deep 'B' are a very long way from a dividend, and I can't see West Springs worth much more money, on merits, for a long time to come."

"We made a few pounds out of Kaffirs—that's one comfort," The Broker confessed. "I only hope that the next little pool will be equally successful."

"What are we landed with on balance?" inquired The Engineer.

The Broker took out a small note-book. "All we have left are a few Modders," he read, "a hundred Rand Mines, and fifty Central Mining. We did best out of our East Rands."

"Ah!" sighed The Jobber, "that was a lucky inspiration. By the way, Brokie, are we—you and I—allowed to be members of this swindlecate?"

The Broker closed the book, tucked it into his ticket-pocket, and slowly winked. Ever so slowly.

"When the day dawns," he replied at random, "we are going to have five hundred Chartered wherewith to sweeten our cup of melancholy."

The others laughed at him.

"Sly dog, isn't he? Puts me in mind very much of one of Studdy's—second edition. I've had a hot tip to buy Shipping shares."

"Not yet," counselled The Engineer. "I'd rather bide a wee, and pay more money, if necessary, when the shipping industry bucks up."

"You talk like a gambler," The City Editor admonished. "What's the use of waiting to buy at a higher price?"

"Well, I was looking at it from the speculative standpoint, of course. I'm going to America myself—"

"Cunard?"

"Haven't decided. I wrote last night to the United States Lines people in Cockspur Street—"

"I know why he wants to go to America," declared The Broker. "Haute finance, of course."

"Yes," added The Jobber. "Oh, yes. Cancellation of debts, I suppose!"

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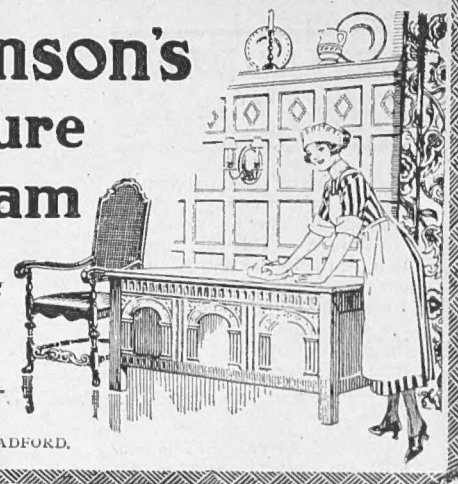
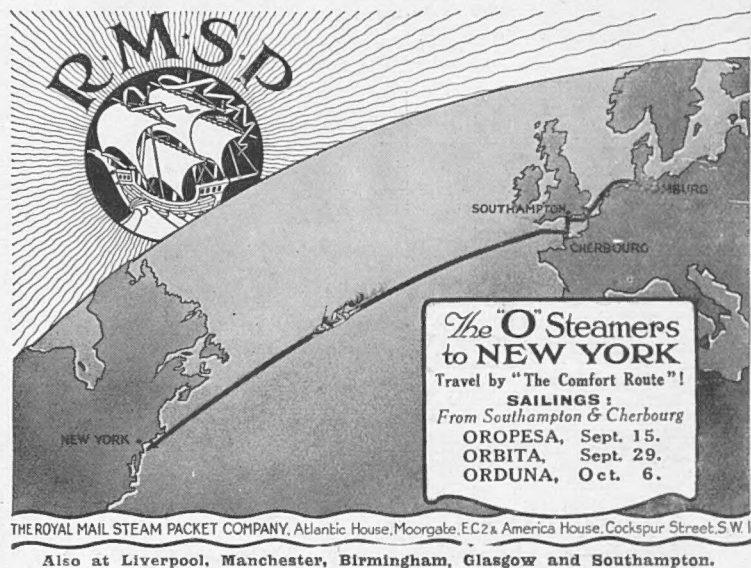
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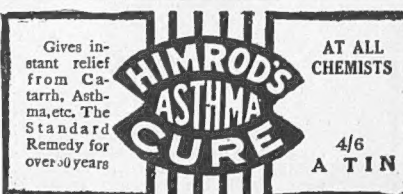
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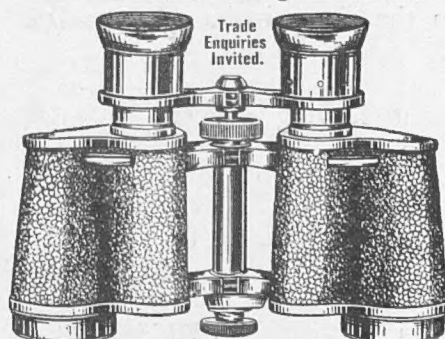
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